WHAT ARE THE DRAFTEES READING?

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXIV NO. 21 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

"VICTORIA'S HEIR: THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE"
By George Dangerfield
Reviewed by Lewis P. Curtis

"THE GROUND WE STAND ON"
By John Dos Passos
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

"STRICTLY PERSONAL"
By Somerset Maugham
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

"THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE"
By James D. Hart
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

"THE WILSONS"
By Christopher La Farge
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

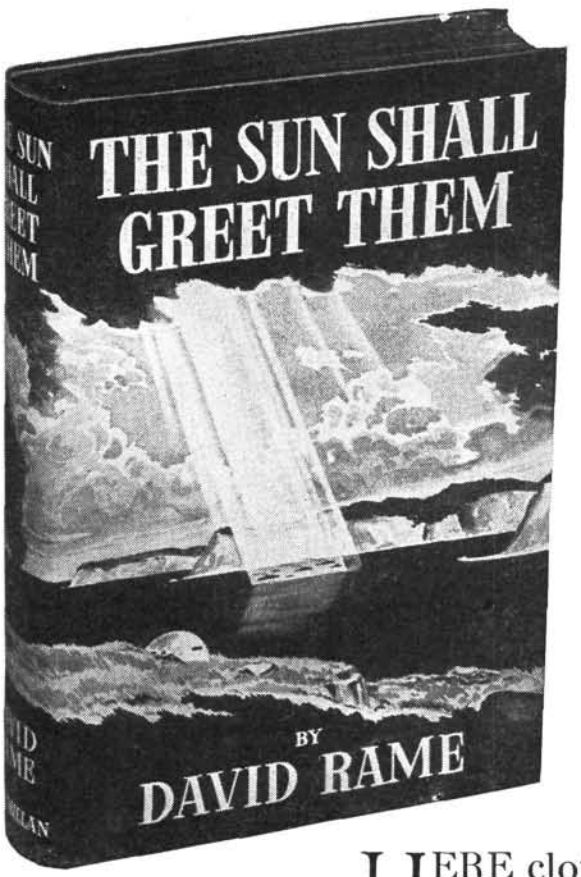
"HUNTING'S A LIFE"
A Preview of "The Mayfield Deer"
By Mark Van Doren

THOMAS BEER
As Remembered by Two Classmates:
Monty Woolley and Cary Abbott

GEORGE DANGERFIELD courses with nimbleness over the tumbled rocks of history in "Victoria's Heir" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Novel of Dunkirk!



THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM

By

David Rame

author of

"Wine of Good Hope"

HERE clothed in the flesh and blood of personal experience is a novel of love, courage and high adventure which brings to life one of the great stories of history, the heroic operation at Dunkirk.

This is the story of one of those civilian-skippers who took small boats across the Channel to assist in the desperate evacuation. So vivid is it that the reader himself goes along, experiencing each detail of participation in this epic of our time.

"As for plain and fancy thrills, nothing could provide more."
—*American News of Books*

NO author could be better fitted to write of Dunkirk than Rame. An impromptu captain of a little launch, he aided in the transfer of British troops from Dunkirk's beaches and mole, and was seriously wounded in action at the end. *All Bookstores $2.50*

The
Macmillan Company
New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

What Are the Draftees Reading?

MARIAN SATTERTHWAITE CARNOVSKY

FIRST reports from English, Canadian, and American camp and war libraries confirm the evidence of 1914-1919 that the average soldier in all armies really likes to read. Given the time, he is much more of a serious reader than people generally, including some of his officers, are inclined to believe. The American major who remarked last fall that when drafted men are well fed and well looked after physically, they are content, may revise his opinion as his predecessor did in 1917.

His predecessor was commanding officer of a large training camp when the librarian assigned to it presented his credentials. The C. O. leaned back and laughed. "My advice to you," he said, "is to go straight home. We don't want you, the men don't want you, and you'll waste your time setting up a library. I've worked with soldiers for fifteen years, and I know." Nevertheless a library was built, equipped, shelved with well-chosen books. Three months later the Commanding Officer frankly confessed his mistake.

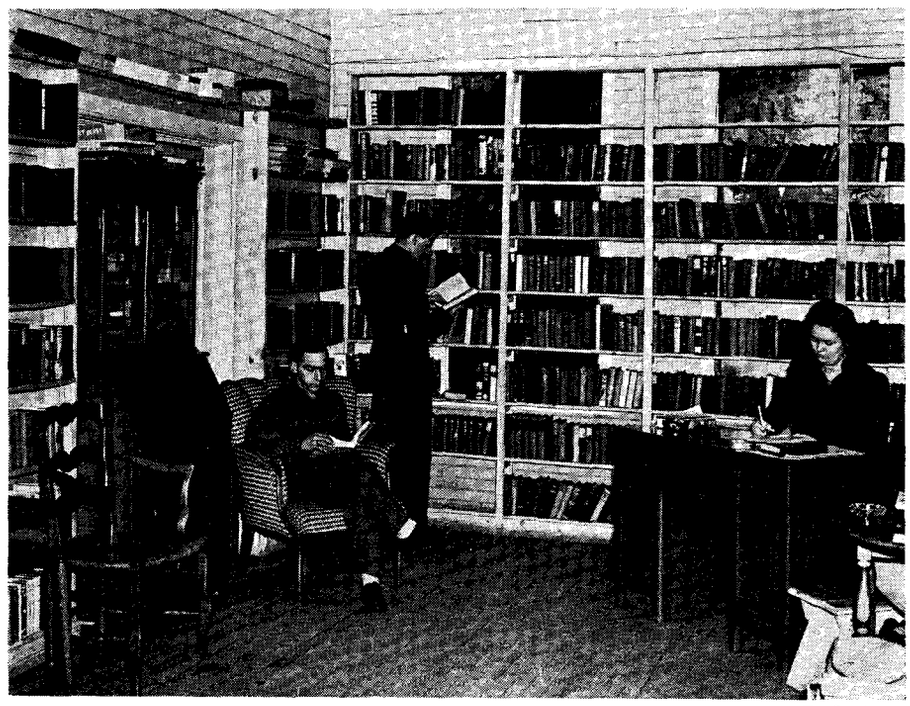
During 1917-1919, a thousand privately supported camp libraries were administered by the American Library Association. These libraries justified themselves so completely that today the War Department is organizing its own Army Library Service through its Morale Division. Many of the seventy-five large camp libraries planned are already in operation, supplemented by forty or fifty smaller ones and by traveling book collections for small posts and detachments. Each of the nine Army Corps Areas is supervised by a Corps Area librarian, and each camp housing five thousand men or more will have its own trained librarian. Captain (and Librarian) Ray L. Trautman heads them all. Thus, a year of army life may mean more, if a man wishes, than military training alone. Camp libraries provide the means by which he may continue in his leisure time established interests or develop new ones to carry over to civilian life.

Canada provides a definite educational program for its army. Correspondence courses whose credits will be recognized throughout Canada are offered on three levels: pre-high school, high school, vocational. Four thousand privates enrolled in the first two weeks. Twelve thousand men, more than officials could handle at the time, had signed up for study by January 15, 1941. The Toronto Public Library runs a branch library for 7,000 troops stationed outside the city, and meets a steady demand for books of biography, travel, history, current affairs, science, economics, and above all, technology. In England, military men have commissioned experts in education and recreation, and called on trained civilians to help administer the educational program for British soldiers.

A GLANCE at the extent of the pioneer camp libraries of 1917 suggests the possibilities for their more sophisticated successors. Begun, like the present camp libraries, as a recreational device, they provided for thousands of men a chance for study and personal development. For many men, it was their first chance.

The American public gave $6,000,000 and 4,000,000 books; the Carnegie Corporation made a grant for the buildings; Architect E. L. Tilton designed them; artists contributed posters; many librarians and volunteers served without pay or for expense alone. By gift or purchase, about 7,000,000 books went out to soldiers and sailors here and overseas. With the coöperation of other welfare organizations, they were distributed through camp and hospital libraries, through naval and marine stations, in huts and on ships. Geographically, they covered the globe. Book stations of one sort or another were set up in the United States from coast to coast, in France, in German prison camps, in Siberia, China, the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, Nicaragua, the West Indies, and the Virgin Islands. Some 1,150 ships with book collections criss-crossed everywhere between.

Even this was not enough. One camp library with seats for a thousand men was full every night, and fifty or more men sat on window sills or on the floor. The Fort Des Moines Library



U. S. Army

The new library at Fort Dix, N. J., is part of what the camp calls "Hostess House."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was so jammed that some of the men called friends to answer fake telephone calls and then took their chairs.

There were never enough books either, nor sufficient facilities to get them to men at isolated posts. One private announced that without books he was going bugs. Another, stationed at a nearby camp too small for its own library, appealed to the Newark Public Library. "Can't you send us something to read? We are regulars but we get just as lonesome as the National Guards." The library shipped off books, cigarettes, candy, and acknowledgement was prompt. "Thanks for the box. If you ever did good to anybody you did it to me, but please don't bother to send the eats. Use all the space for books. Books are what we want."

Men in Libby Prison once read a grammar to shreds, and Rupert Hughes, Captain of Infantry in the World War, wrote that a soldier without books was like a man in a railroad station waiting for a train that is late. He reads anything—advertisements, time tables, whatever is at hand. One public-spirited private passed his wife's letter around until it became illegible.

Granted that soldiers want books, what kind do they want? In the last war, they wanted what Americans in general want—the whole works, from Homer to "Heart Throbs." This is equally true today. The man of culture forms one extreme, the illiterate private the other. In between are foreign-born Americans with faulty English, though many read other languages expertly; farmers, industrial workers, laborers, many of them for the first time finding books useful to practical problems of practical lives; and finally, the average men whose minds are good enough but lazy—men susceptible of stimulation, but certainly not hell-bent for it. Such men comprise the cross-section that a camp librarian finds in her public today: "the Charlies of the gas stations, the Bobs you see go through school, the Jims next door who work in a law office—the boys from your own home town."

American reading taste has changed considerably since the days of the 1917-1919 libraries. A glance at the best-sellers then shows how significantly the war modified and matured book interest. In 1914, "Pollyanna" and Harold Bell Wright's "Eyes of the World" swept the United States, with the "Prince of Graustark" and Rex Beach's "Auction Block" at their heels. Three years later public libraries piled up reserve requests for Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," distinctly a sobering book, and ironically enough, still timely. Thousands of people actually bought the book. Incidentally, Hugh Britling wrote home from the front to his father: "We read, of course. But there never could be a library big enough to keep us going. I don't think the ordinary sensational novel is quite the catch it was for a lot of them in peace time. Some break toward serious reading in the oddest fashion." Non-fiction assumed best-seller proportions in these years too. The year 1919 saw Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace" and Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told" vie with popular novels for top honors.

Reading taste has broadened and deepened in the decades since, and authors with something serious to say are learning to say it better. Tarzan's public remains secure, but there is another substantial audience that prefers "The Good Earth," "Of Human Bondage," Steffens's "Autobiography," "Personal History," "America in Midpassage," "Madame Curie," "Days of Our Years," "For Whom the Bell Tolls." It is even willing to read "Mein Kampf." Furthermore this war surprises no one, as the earlier war did. Thousands of drafted men have read "Betrayal in Central Europe," "Europe on the Eve," "Men of Munich," "We or They," or other such books before they arrive in camp. A large number have been Book-of-the-Month Club or Literary Guild members. They are accustomed to reading current books of reasonably good quality. Today, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is the most asked-for novel, and in one camp Kenneth Roberts's "Oliver Wiswell" is a close second. This is a far cry from Harold Bell Wright.

Camp librarians of the First World War were surprised by a steady call for the standards—Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, Thackeray, Scott, Conrad, Wells, Shaw. Men asked for Hugo and Dumas in French as well as in English. Theodore Roosevelt gave quantities of the three books which he thought best exemplified the canons of manliness and decency: "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Our Mutual Friend." The call for such books continues, though it is less today when the modern tempo makes them seem to some readers unnecessarily slow and long-winded.

Of course some soldiers never at any time came near the camp libraries or the bookshelves built into ships or recreation huts. But most of them did. For many men camp or war experience deepened the taste for reading. One soldier, apparently something of a bookman himself, remarked on this heightened sensitivity. "There is an unusually fine collection of poetry here, surprisingly well-selected—the last thing I expected of such a library but was happily surprised. I have discov-

(*Continued on page* 14)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

WHAT ARE THE DRAFTEES READING?
By Marian Satterthwaite Carnovsky 3

HUNTING'S A LIFE
Preview of "The Mayfield Deer"
By Mark Van Doren 11

THOMAS BEER
As Seen by Two Classmates:
Monty Woolley and Cary Abbott 12

Reviews

VICTORIA'S HEIR:
The Education of a Prince
By George Dangerfield
Reviewed by Louis P. Curtis 5

THE GROUND WE STAND ON
By John Dos Passos
Reviewed by Allan Nevins 6

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE
By James D. Hart
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones 7

THE WILSONS
By Christopher La Farge
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét 10

CAUTIONARY VERSES
By Hilaire Belloc
Reviewed by William Rose Benét 10

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Somerset Maugham
Reviewed by George Dangerfield 13

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME
By Thomas Kernan
Reviewed by Douglas H. Schneider 16

HIS OWN PLACE
By H. W. Freeman
Reviewed by Klaus Lambrecht 17

HANKOW RETURN
By C. S. Archer
Reviewed by Nym Wales 17

TRUE STEEL
By Christy Borth
Reviewed by Palmer Harman 18

SUMMER NEVER ENDS
By Waldo Frank
Reviewed by Bess Jones 19

ACTION STATIONS!
By 'Bartimeus'
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt 20

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 7
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 20
RECORDS IN REVIEW 21
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 390 23
TRADE WINDS 24

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Georges Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. *Vol. XXIV, No. 21, September 13, 1941.* Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Education of Bertie

VICTORIA'S HEIR. THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE. By George Dangerfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 345 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by LEWIS P. CURTIS

READERS of Mr. Dangerfield's "The Strange Death of Liberal England" will seize eagerly upon this book. They will not have forgotten the nimbleness with which he courses over the tumbled rocks of history, his clarity, his delight when splitting the most knotty stone, his flair for narrative, nor even that response, vibrant with laughter or pity or affection, which details from an old record awake in him. Above all, they will read him for his style. He has taught them where to recognize finish. "Victoria's Heir" will not disappoint their expectations; for Mr. Dangerfield has made himself at home in an epoch of western history peculiarly congenial to his talents. What an opportunity! The clamorous repeal of the Corn Laws, the triumph of middle-class liberalism with its vision in the treasures of the Crystal Palace and its reality before Sebastopol; the ensuing hodge-podge of intrigue at Biarritz, Offenbach in the Paris of the Second Empire, social reforms, the Queen thrusting courage through the shambles of her trinkets, the appalling rise of the German Empire, baccarat, and Bertie himself, affable, glossily mundane, and much less English than European: here are infinite riches pointed up by brilliance of writing. No one can doubt that Mr. Dangerfield is a first-class impresario.

Indeed, the background against which Albert Edward lived swells and drives onward like an ocean. Upon its surface, perhaps literally upon its surface, the Prince bobs with the buoyancy of cork. Sometimes he sinks quite beneath, and our gaze moves uninterrupted over the floor of heaving events. In fact, "Victoria's Heir" is hardly a biography. It is a book in which the technique so deftly employed in Mr. Dangerfield's previous volume finds itself more than once embarrassed by the esthetic necessity to mention the piece of cork. One wonders whether the author would not have written a better history had he been less concerned with popular relish for a personality.

Certain it is that Mr. Dangerfield would have set his talents to a more substantial end had he not doffed sober writing for that cinematic treatment which Carlyle bequeathed to movie directors and to so many, many writers of biography and history. The weakness of the book lies not in its scholarship but in its method. The method demands of the writer that he labor nothing, that he never think through to a plausible shape of things. If he sees line and contour, as plainly Mr. Dangerfield's knowledge of the age permits him to see, he must blend the causative factors of history by means of chiaroscuro and a high palette. That way the effect pleases readers seeking amusement rather than understanding. And what is more, Mr. Dangerfield has been so concerned to stage a good show (and a very good show it is) that he is even reluctant to trace the awakening of that urge towards power politics which by their abandonment of the exacting tradition of parliamentary conventions nearly brought the later Edwardians to civil war. We regret that Mr. Dangerfield has chosen not to make of "Victoria's Heir" a prelude to his earlier and more thoughtful book.

One of the saltiest comedies of human relationships, one which quietly convulsed that master of irony, George Meredith, is the comedy of father and son. Its humor exists in the proportion observed between parental chagrin and the degree of success with which the pupil approximates, despite his father's conviction, the ideal to be attained. The imp of humor still plays about the pages of Chesterfield's letters as about the acid memories of John Stuart Mill. Mr. Dangerfield spies him out no less wanton as he capers through the halls where Albert thought fit to educate his heir. The educational aims of Chesterfield, of Mill, even of the Prince Consort, will never be obsolete. It was rather the means they used which were questioned by their victims.

—*From the book.*

"The Rare, the Rather Awful Visits of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to Windsor Castle," by Max Beerbohm.

Albert, like countless English fathers from the Renaissance to the present, had determined only that his son should be a leader and that as leader he must be learned. A competent governing class has been the ideal and virtually the achievement of Englishmen for over three centuries. Why else have these gentlemen, educated in law, in history, mathematics and, above all, in the classics, made of English history so distinguished a record of what can be done by learning, intellectual maturity, and the habit of reflecting in the public self the integrity of the private self.

The insularity of English gentlemen is largely a popular fiction. Their statesmen (we do not mention the business man Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who thought Czechoslovakia a distant country), if they have not frequently possessed the international mentality of a Burke or a Gladstone, have been accustomed to think of England in relation to the complexities and manners of Europe. Today they are having to think in terms of the world. In the past, when, as young men, they traveled, they were fortunately unequipped with our modern guide books, which ignore the economic life of states as completely as their social and institutional character. Your present traveler goes to escape: he makes a pilgrimage with Childe Harold. And he is taught to conceive of education as confined chiefly to the acquisition of facts which, he fondly believes, will advance him in the business world, and of culture which will promote him in the social.

Our own democracy seems to educate for recreation, for business, rarely for character and a tempered mind. It seems perilously unaware of a dearth of competent leaders. Somebody else will somehow or other run the affairs of state. Not so Albert, not so the English upper classes. Bertie at least knew his Europe; if his education fell short of Papa's expectations, the fault lay not with an ideal of national service but with the Comic Spirit who that November day of 1841 in Buckingham Palace attended the birth of an heir fated to bear a closer spiritual resemblance to George IV than either his great-grandfather would have welcomed or his parents expected when they undertook in the tradition of Erasmus and Fenelon to educate a prince.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roots of Democracy

THE GROUND WE STAND ON. Some Examples from the History of a Political Creed. By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1941. 420 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WHAT is the ground we stand on?—what is our political creed? Mr. Dos Passos's answer is the old, old answer, but it needs restatement from time to time, and he enforces it by some new illustrations. Our ground is self-government in the liberal tradition; our creed is the settlement of disputes by majority opinion and the wise use of compromise. Mr. Dos Passos rightly thinks we need more well-written history, not conventional, not aridly academic, not full of callow debunking, to teach us how deep and strong are the roots of our political institutions. Once we learn this we shall have less fear of fascism and communism, a larger self-confidence, and a greater readiness to make sacrifices for the commonwealth. Why despair of democracy even if Russia, Germany, and Italy fall prey to gangster tyrannies? *They* never knew the rudiments of democracy. "The English-speaking peoples are heirs to the largest heritage of the habits and traditions and skills of self-government there has ever been in the world. Politics is our whole history." There may be an explosive force of ideas behind Lenin and even Hitler's Reich. But the liberal self-governing tradition of the Anglo-Saxons represents a better set of ideas. "We must never forget that we are heirs to one of the grandest and most nearly realized world-pictures in all history."

All this is worth saying even though Burke, Mill, Bagehot, Morley, and one of Mr. Dos Passos's *bêtes noirs,* Woodrow Wilson, said it before. Mr. Dos Passos has the ear of the younger generation, to many of whom it will be strikingly novel. Only yesterday they were following the *New Republic* in its suggestions that the liberal tradition of compromise was perhaps passé and it was rather smart to be a fellow-traveller. The idea, too, is worth the kind of illustration that Mr. Dos Passos gives it. The conventional exemplifications from our pantheon would be Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and perhaps Henry George or Altgeld or Bryan. Mr. Dos Passos ranges into fresher fields. He cannot well leave out Jefferson, who built "a portico facing the wilderness"—who reared at Monticello a house that was finely artistic, but that was also, in its servant-saving conveniences, "a house where a free man could live in a society of equals." He includes Benjamin Franklin, whose career of free opportunity in an American environment is contrasted with Daniel Defoe's life of struggle and failure in the class-stratified English society. But beyond these two figures, he illustrates the American tradition of self-government and compromise by less familiar figures—Roger Williams, Samuel Adams, Joel Barlow, and Hugh Henry Brackenridge. Particularly upon Williams and Barlow does he lavish a wealth of detail.

In the uneven essays on these figures, Mr. Dos Passos has done his own

John Dos Passos

thinking. His method has been to study the men in their own works and the record of their contemporaries, and to reach his own conclusions. As a result, the essays have the merit of originality, with some gleams of insight that are really valuable; they have the fault of deficiency in perspective. The author makes more of Roger Williams as a protagonist of freedom of thought and conscience, and of toleration in civil government and ecclesiastical affairs, than if he had known more about somewhat similar and equally stalwart figures in our colonial history. His long section on Citizen Barlow is delightfully amusing. But it exaggerates Barlow's role as a political thinker liberalized by the French Revolution, and a representative of international ideas—exaggerates it, that is, unconsciously and not deliberately, simply because Barlow is not set against the full background of radical thought in the United States of 1789-1815. A certain lack of perspective is evident, too, in the general theme. Mr. Dos Passos attributes too much in the American liberal tradition to the Puritan Rebellion, and too little to the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the flowering of Whiggism thereafter. He hardly does justice to the great complex of institutions and ideas that went into the making of Anglo-American principles and institutions in the political field; his view is too narrow. If these facts are kept in mind, every part of his book can be read with profit, as all of it can be read with pleasure.

The general object of the work is admirable; the execution has grave flaws, but in general it answers to Mr. Dos Passos's purpose. The book, in short, is a valuable contribution to true Americanism. But the author ends with a sentence which he would find difficulty in supporting by argument. "If we can keep the fabric of a self-governing republic unbroken at home," he writes, "we are in no danger from the attacks of the slave states of Europe and America." Historically, American leaders from Jefferson onward have been keenly concerned with the fate of democracy in other parts of the world. Again and again they have encouraged and sustained it elsewhere. In this they have been wise. If it is obliterated on the other nine-tenths of our planet, it will not long survive in the United States.

Lyric IX

By George E. McDonough

HERE lies the slender antelope,
That ran so nimbly on the slope,
And through the forest glade;
And all your tears are shed in vain,
For they cannot restore again
A thing so frailly made.

Love, too, was there to feel the smart,
When pierced so cruelly through the heart,
And left alone to die;
But there is other game to find,
And you possess a hunter's mind,
A steady hand and eye.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guide to American Literature

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE. By James D. Hart. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 888 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

ABOUT equal in bulk to the "Oxford Companion to English Literature," the "Oxford Companion to American Literature," which covers only about three and one-half centuries of literary history, justifies its size by a theory which, in fact, bases the study of literary history upon a foundation of general cultural history. It is a theory with which I, for one, am in hearty accord; and I therefore quote at some length, or summarize, the introductory matter. The volume, says its editor, "attempts to deal briefly with the American mind and the American scene, as these are reflected in and influenced by American literature." He has therefore included, beside the usual biographical, bibliographical, and literary information, nine hundred summaries and descriptions of American novels, stories, essays, poems, and plays; information about schools and movements in literature; information on literary societies, magazines, anthologies, coöperative publications, literary awards, book collectors, printers, and other ancillary experts. The presidents, political leaders, inventors, and religious leaders of the country appear; there are brief articles on religious denominations, wars, laws and documents, educational institutions, important cities and regions, political parties, popular slogans, Canadian literature, and foreigners who have written about the United States.

This is a generous program, and Mr. Hart has generously carried it out. I write on a Vermont hillside far from a scholar's library, so that the only test I can apply to this bulky volume is the *sortes Virgilianae*. Opening it at random, I have frequently found my curiosity satisfied, and in leafing over its pages I have run across a good deal of stray information that is curious and may be valuable. But I have also failed to discover information that I expected to find, and I am puzzled to know what principle of exclusion has been followed. Thus I quickly turned to information about Beadle's dime novels, Mr. Homos (hero of Howells's "Altruria" stories), Arminianism, Charles Henry Smith (Bill Arp), the plot of "The Gilded Age," "If," "Yes and Perhaps," "The Italian Father," and Kettell's "Specimens of American Poetry." But, operating at random, I failed to find information about the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (the second oldest learned society in the country), Philip Littell, Gerald Johnson, the Clements Library of American History, "America's Lost Plays," the novels of Paul Green, "Mose the Fireman," square note singing, Perry Miller (perhaps the greatest living authority on New England theology), John Matthews Manly, or the Jusserand Medal. I am puzzled to know why there is a biography of President Hutchins of the University of Chicago and none of President Conant of Harvard; a sketch of Henry Seidel Canby and none of Edward Weeks, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly;* a summary of the plot of "Henry Esmond" and none of "Anthony Adverse"; an article on the Know-Nothing movement and none on the American Protective Association; a biography of Norman Foerster and none of J. B. Hubbell; an article on Peggy O'Neale and none on Kate Chase; a paragraph on Thaddeus Stevens and none on Albert Taylor Bledsoe.

I think the difficulty is that the makers of this volume were uncertain as to what audience they wished to reach. The scholar in American literature has no special need for many of these eight-hundred-odd summaries of novels, stories, essays, and poems, which descend to the absurdity of "summarizing" Longfellow's three-stanza poem, "The Arrow and the Song." On the other hand, the high-school student

James D. Hart

who has to 'get up" reading reports will find these neat scenarios of novels by Howells, Cooper, James, Hawthorne, Melville, and the rest, an immense saving of labor. I conclude that the desire to please as many levels of the book-buying public as possible may in all charity excuse elements in the collection like the foregoing. The "Oxford Companion to American Literature" will, I suspect, be more useful to the schools and the libraries than to the scholar, though to him it may be useful as a volume of first reference.

One mild concluding squawk. I read that Archibald MacLeish has been director of the Harvard School of Journalism. Harvard has no School of Journalism, and never has had one.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHERLOCK HOLMES, MASTER DETECTIVE

Few characters in fiction are so well known as Sherlock Holmes, whose private life and public career have been the subject of many scholarly treatises. Even if you're not a Baker Street Irregular, you probably know the answers to the ten questions below. Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. What was the title of the first Sherlock Holmes story?
2. Where did Holmes reside during most of his professional career?
3. Who shared the three-room-suite with him?
4. What was the name of his landlady?
5. Where did he keep his pipe tobacco?
6. How did he keep from losing his unanswered correspondence?
7. What was his favorite drink?
8. What drug did he take during the early part of his career?
9. What musical instrument did he play?
10. On what period of music was he an authority?
11. What outdoor pastime did he pursue indoors?
12. To what club did he belong?
13. What was the name of his brother?
14. Whom did he consider the Napoleon of crime?
15. What was his first case?
16. Name one of the Scotland Yard detectives with whom he was associated.
17. Name within 30 the number of forms of tobacco ash he could distinguish.
18. In the opinion of Sherlock Holmes, what woman eclipsed and predominated the whole of her sex?
19. In what part of England did Sherlock live after his retirement?
20. What occupation did he take up at that time?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Elmer Davis } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1941, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

POETRY AND ALL THAT

ROBERT FROST set going one of the perennial discussions of poetry by a single vigorous figure of speech, when he declared at Bread Loaf that he would rather play tennis with the net down than write free verse. Well enough for Mr. Frost, who would invent a new tennis game without a net, if he had to, and is quite capable (like Whitman) of making poetry of free verse. But what about the American reader, whose misfortune is not that he has to read free verse, but that (as the market for poetry too clearly indicates) he is not reading poetry at all? We say "poetry" meaning neither free verse nor orthodox metres, but any language so suffused with thoughtful emotion as to require rhythm for full expressiveness and figures and symbols to make it articulate of what literal words cannot say.

And we write "misfortune," since it is not the poets, who in this so-called unpoetic age have been so often pitied or criticized, but the general reader who suffers most. There may be some die-hards of old-fashioned materialism, and there may be hordes of badly educated youth not yet aware that scientific formulas were not designed to ease the ache of the inner life;—there may be many such, and still one human principle remains as true as ever. Like religion in its broadest sense, no poetry in the broadest sense is an indispensable. The society that goes without it is starved and anemic in a vital region. It may have vitamins but it lacks one vital vitamin. It may prosper and be strong, but it will not be happy or wise. It may seem to flourish like the green bay tree, but its roots are drying.

Of course no society does get along without poetry. If it does not get it one way, it will get it another. If it cannot read real poetry or listen to real poetry—and does the general reader get more than half of what he reads or hears beyond statements of fact and narrative?—if a society cannot get real poetry, it will seek and find an *ersatz* or an adulterated product. If it cannot read Mr. Frost, or Mr. MacLeish, or Shakespeare, it will go to the movies which use poetry as the old tonics and cure-alls used alcohol. Melodrama or sentimentalism fortified with a little poetry are excellent sedatives and pain-killers. Millions are made weekly from patent medicines of this description.

But even if the movies were—as some day some of them will become—pure poetry, there still would be the necessity of reading what cannot be screened or put without loss upon a sound track. And even if the radio, as seems likely, will one day give us back the voice of poetry which is not only its first but probably its best medium, there still remains in a world that lives by its eyes, and in a maze of intellectual complexity, the need of time and repetition to absorb the sense and actual being of thoughtful poetry; which means that it must be read in print which stays before the readers' mind.

AND here, so it seems to us, and indeed this idea has been suggested before in these pages, the great difficulty of our reading public is that they read too much. Compare the time spent reading, or the number of words read per day, by the American of any class except scholars and bookworms, with the reading day of any previous century. Statistics are unnecessary. Just look at a subway car or a newsstand. The news of the world, the current facts of life, the literal story of what is called human interest, in short what makes a newspaper or magazine, is a diet served in a trough which takes hours to empty. We say "diet" advisedly, for inevitably this food for the mind and the emotions has to be prepared for quick and easy digestion. Our readers are soft, they can take words of many syllables, but they cannot take words and phrases of depth and emotional complexity. They are intellectual city dwellers accustomed to pavements. Put them on a forest trail and they turn back at the first rock. In Puritan civilizations, such as ours was in the last century, the close and personal wrestlings with the great poetry of the English Bible kept the desire for poetic experience strong even though it was never called by that name. But today, even the poetry of the Bible is diluted into moralistic slogans printed in advertising type and posted on church doors to be read and forgotten.

SEARCH your own experience. Is there not an increasing reluctance to break away from that prose with the exacting rhythms and subtler meanings of verse? Do you not increasingly skip the quotations, if they are poetry? Do you not, without considering the implications, so often say, why doesn't he put it in plain prose that can be read, like an editorial in *The Times* or a story in *The Saturday Evening Post?*

Well, why not put it in prose? Because it cannot be put into prose. It dies unsaid if it has to be put in prose. Or it diffuses its meanings, turning good prose into bad, or losing its virtue through dilution, like Scotch whiskey used to give zest to a pot of jam.

There are other reasons why the general public is not reading poetry, some involving the nature of much modern verse, some concerning the temper of the age. A book would be needed to expound them all. Nevertheless, a prime, we believe the prime, cause for the decline of the reading of poetry, is the habit of reading so much prose that the effort to rise to and meet the challenge of the rhythm and the intensity of poetry is too great for the reader conditioned to the easiest way in words.

This—whosesoever the fault—is unqualified loss. Get the substance or the shadow of poetry where you may, there is no substitute for the will and ability to read what lifts above prose because it must.

H. S. C.

Specifications

By Florence Hamilton

If you would die of valor, let none see
Of what you make your fatal bravery.
If you would die of wisdom, give no sigh,
Else by your wit a thousand more might die.
But if you die of love the step is small,
For being dead, you need not die at all.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Poetry and Clarity"

SIR:—Your movement for "Poetry and Clarity"—if one may call it a movement—enlists my hearty sympathy. Many moons ago I was driven to write to the editor of a (distinguished) magazine of verse this:

ON *FIVE POEMS* by X. Y. Z.
They might be poignant, they *might* be great,
But this subscriber will not cogitate
On poems *sans* capitals, punctuation;
They drive me—tho modern—to execration.
Oh I know, dear Editor, *you* don't care,
But I'm skipping over to De la Mare.
And were it not for such poets as he
I'd drop my subscription a *third* time,
—G. V.

And I "dropped." The sequel is too good to be true,—but it *is!* I substituted *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Let me say I have no quarrel with MacLeish, the Benéts, and—scarcely—with Auden. And the "Old Guard"—such as Millay, Sandburg, etc. are *most* welcome. But I wish many of the Advance Guard of Young Poets would learn Clarity. For Energy and, often, Truth, these young writers *have.*

GRACE N. VEEDER.
Waukesha, Wis.

To Be Continued

SIR:—I thought that the change in cover color on the August 2 number might have been a passing fancy, but with the following numbers you seem to be quite serious about getting colorful. I felt I should wait before I complimented you to see if you were really going to shed that fire-wagon color for good. And let me state that I think it's all for the good.

PHILIP DOERN.
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:—Thanks a million for changing the cover of the *Review* to one more pleasing.

I am wondering how Howard Collins, in his list of twenty famous pennames, overlooked "Shakespeare," the world's most famous pseudonym, and the one that has fooled more people than all of the twenty he mentions combined.

FLODDEN W. HERON.
San Francisco, Calif.

The Index Question

SIR:—Add the votes of some dozen *SRL* readers to that of Mr. E. J. Neumayer who suggests you issue an *SRL* index. Most of the above-mentioned dozen are students who find it very important to refer back to copies of *SRL* in their college work.

RICHARD UMHOEFER.
Carleton College,
Northfield, Minn.

Information, Please

SIR:—During the season 1941-1942 the Carolina Art Association plans an exhibition of sculpture of the 18th and 19th centuries in South Carolina, featuring particularly the work of Clark Mills (1810-1883) and John S. Cogdell (1778-1847); paying special attention to the life masks of the former and busts by the latter.

Any information about the location of works of either, or of mss. or drawings by either, will be appreciated.

ANNA WELLS RUTLEDGE, *Curator.*
Charleston, S. C.

"A Handful of Dust"

SIR:—When we get thoroughly downhearted these days with talks and articles about our pessimism and skepticism, we might take time off to reread some of the novels of the '20's and then realize that however gloomy we are, we are in a better frame of mind now than in that period.

The other day, having nothing better to do, I shuffled the pages of Woollcott's first "Reader," which has a great many faults but the merit of most anthologies, in that it contains one or two things you should have read but haven't and are pretty sure to like. And that's how I stumbled across Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust," a very exceptional novel, one that received little attention at the time of publication, and even since inclusion in Mr. Woollcott's book has been largely ignored, I believe.

Quite apart from the "message" it has for us, "A Handful of Dust" is a brilliant work of fiction, and the only one, I think, comparable to Aldous Huxley's early masterpieces on the same order, like "Antic Hay." Much better written and thought out than Waugh's other books, it is the sort of thing you instantly want to foist on your friends and "rediscover" for the world.

The Jeremiahs of today would do well to read such books as "A Handful of Dust." One great reason and justification for literature's existence is that at its best it accurately depicts the state of civilization. I suggest that books like Evelyn Waugh's, if read, and digested carefully, might prevent the welter of generalities which are bandied about so freely today.

L. S. HILLMAN.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Free Speech in America"

SIR:—Prof. Chafee's article on freedom of speech in your issue of August 9 is very interesting, but he ignores a few very obvious facts. In the first place, scarcely anybody really believes in "freedom of speech," least of all the "thinking liberals" for whom Prof. Chafee takes up the cudgels. Try heckling a communist speaker or questioning the pet dogma of the "thoughtful" professor of history and see where you end. In the second place, the conservative in invoking the machinery of law is only acting in self-defence: in the unrestrained utterances of the radical he sees in the background the firing squad for himself. Are such fears entirely chimerical? In the third place, the final quotation only proves that "Plutarch's Lives" can be as dangerous a weapon as the Scriptures. What happened in the end to Syracuse?

BERTRAND E. WHITNEY.
Upper Darby, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Progress of Fairlie Wilson

THE WILSONS. By Christopher La Farge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1941. 246 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

WARS may come and civilizations fall, but the Social Climber is a hardy perennial. We have had some very handsome specimens in American fiction —Mr. La Farge, in "The Wilsons," adds a new and interesting variety, pretty, only semi-poisonous, and a good and relentless grower in any favorable soil. In twenty short sketches, he deftly plots Fairlie Wilson's rise and progress, mistakes, and hard-won triumphs, from the time when she was just a little woman from somewhere like Cranston, to the time when she herself was able to condescend and be kind to the next new candidate for condescension, query, and eventual absorption. For, as old Mrs. Walton remarked, this is a democracy after all.

While Fairlie Wilson's progress is the main theme of the story, that progress is adroitly presented from a number of different angles. By the time we are done with Fairlie we know what Hector, the chauffeur, thinks about the Wilsons just as well as we know the thoughts of the Countess de Fresne. That titled dipsomaniac (born in Milwaukee) supplies the most hilarious incident in the book and some of the most entertaining dialogue. But there is a small agony by a swimming-pool that is very much worth your attention, and the whole business of the Walton musicale cuts both ways.

In fact, the whole book cuts two ways for, if Fairlie Wilson is a climber, some of the larger conservative herbivores who are introduced seem hardly worth the climb. There is nothing bitter in Mr. La Farge's delineation, but, in a quiet way, he manages to take off a good deal of skin. And the skinning is quite impartial—it isn't only the Wilsons who suffer.

Not all sketches look well in a book —these gain by collections. There is a unity to them and Mr. La Farge knows very well just what he is about. It happened in Barsetshire as it happens in Rhode Island—and ladies bleed and die in order to belong to the North Ferry Garden Club from Oregon to Maine. They did so in ancient Gaul and they will today. "The Wilsons" contains nothing quite as painful as the fearsome dinner given by Alice Adams, and Joe Wilson, though he is well drawn, has neither the size nor the weight of Silas Lapham. But, within his quite deliberate limits, Mr. La Farge has done just what he set out to do. He has shown a conservative microcosm—and what happens to it when a foreign body gets in. And one of the most engaging things about "Wilsons" is that you will have to gather for yourself just whom the joke is on.

Christopher La Farge has shown what happens to a "conservative microcosm . . . when a foreign body gets in."

Hilaire Belloc: "Perhaps nowhere has his touch of real genius been more apparent than in his nonsense verses."

Belloc Omnibus

HILAIRE BELLOC'S CAUTIONARY VERSES. Illustrated Album Edition. With the Original Pictures by B. T. B. and Nicolas Bentley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 407 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE title above is a misnomer, for an omnibus by Belloc would have to include all the various excursions he has made into literature, which include wide realms of poetry, the essay, biography, history, travel, and even prose fiction. His auctorial energies have been enormous. But perhaps nowhere has his touch of real genius been more apparent than in his nonsense verses, whereby he joins company with Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, and the other English peers of the realm of Pungent Idiocy. Like the others, there is satirical method in his apparent madness, particularly when he treats of the rich and of the peerage. The illustrations by B. T. B. and Nicolas Bentley, the first revealing the gifted amateur and the second a draughtsman of more finish and quite as great a flair for convulsing expression, go admirably along with the verses.

The muster roll of bad children and good beasts includes, of course, the now incredibly famous Jim who was eaten by a Lion; Henry who chewed "little bits of string"; Matilda who by her untruthfulness accomplished conflagration, and Franklin Hyde who caroused in the dirt. Here we have also Rebecca, who slammed doors for fun; Sarah Byng who was too illiterate to save herself from being tossed by a Bull; several boys and their ponies, and John who threw stones to his serious detriment. Other extraordinary children swim into our ken, as well; and, beside the famed Yak, Hippo, Dodo, and Marmozet and Frog, here are the incredible Bison, Python, Viper, Llama, and others. In the last section, "Ladies and Gentlemen," is included an erudite spoof on the Law entitled "Obiter Dicta," which for its lyrical quality is unforgettable.

Altogether, these virtues and many more endow a volume that is a victorious combination of polite language, inspired rhyming, and delicious tomfoolery. Buy and read it!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 389)

FIELDING:
*HISTORY OF TOM JONES**

Those ancient writers, with their deities at the elbow, could with greater ease have conveyed a hero from one world to another and have brought him back again, than a poor circumscribed modern can deliver him from jail.

**From introduction to Book XVII, on the difficulty of ending* Tom Jones.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hunting's A Life..."

Thorsten and Richman Talk Together

MARK VAN DOREN

RICHMAN let the questions come and go
Like bats in a strange room, but holding his head
Stock still pretended badly; for the words,
Though mateless to the custom of his tongue,
Yet flew within his mind's range, teasing thence
More memories than he had skill to free.
A queer old customer, this peaked Swede;
Yet something in his language gave the lie
To latter day inanity, and dressed
Even the prairie round them in a form
No farmer drudge, no drone of the sod, would see.
He could have had it worse tonight than sitting
And trading preacher nonsense: two old noggins
Having it out with heaven, which at least
Was land he once had hunted. While the gods,
Idling, harkened soberly to guesses
Offered on the sweet air, sage to sage.
"Well, but don't accuse me," Richman warned,
"Of redskin superstition. I don't hold
With heaven how an animal is someone,
God or man don't matter, in disguise:
Maybe a dead friend, come back a muskrat,
And popping up his head whenever help's
Not handy; maybe, though, a supernatural
Something that is there on four cold feet
To watch you like a son. A Choctaw doctor,
Once I heard of, piped a little song
To patients in a fever, and they slept,
And said they dreamed of mountain lions; claimed
It rid them of their weakness. Or he'd prance,
And trance, and bring a houseful in of owls
And panthers, so their voices, close and strong,
Would set a sick girl's pulse to work again.
Bird bones in a grave were meant to fly with;
But I have dug and found them still as sticks,
And the dead Indian claybound. No use, Thorsten,
Trying to make me out a redskin coward.
For that was it, they worshipped what could scare them.
Anything that moved was more than something:
Everything, it might be. So they prayed
And yelled till they were cross eyed. I see straight."
"Of course, and no one better down the sights.
All I meant was this: you aim your lead
At something loved. You keep a strange
respect,
Strange, that is, to masterless low
minds,
For what must let you kill it if you
live.
It isn't murder, man. You shoot to
eat."
'Murder? No, it isn't. But you miss
The bull's eye, Thorsten, by a lame
dog's mile.
Not that words can hit it, or thoughts
either.
Shooting: that's not all of it. Or eating.
Even living, maybe, if you mean
Liver and lights exclusive. Hunting's
a life
That takes two hands to do it, them
and us:
Runners and chasers. Partners, that's
the point;
And either of them knows it by a sign
From nowhere. So if such is what you mean,
We're not to have an argument. Each hand
Prefers the other on it, hot and hard,
To the fish kiss of strangers. What's to do
Has to be done together, in a time
Both know, and to a ballad, maybe, thrumming
Out of the trees themselves; or in the open,
Out of a bit of a pocket twixt two winds."
He paused, embarrassed, having heard himself
Say something, no, not nonsense, but too near
What Thorsten must have meant when he said mystery.
"I've only got in mind," saving his face,
"The difference, plain as day, between him there,"
Nodding at Gard, "and a wild animal.
Wildness. There's another point: a will
Not to be whistled at or clucked to feeding;
An eye that holds its fire or lets all heaven
Have it when the time comes; and, I say,
We hear the tick together, and four feet
Fly into tune with fingers on a trigger.
High the jump and pretty; but the man
Most to admire it aims to lay it low.
Why? But it's his part, as the critter's part
Is like a heathen horse to hurdle rocks,
Stumps, logs, as if the real ground wasn't there."
"Just as I knew," said Thorsten. "You're no brute
Squirrel barker." "Squirrel! That never was my size."
"No, there's bigger game. You're not a dumb
Bloodletter, then, or hater of tall hearts.
Hunting's a life for you, hunting's a heaven,
Hunting's a thing you do because a master—"
"Who? There's no one there but them and me."
"You spoke as if a third one called the tune,
And both of you obeyed. And that's the case
With Thorsten, save he's not a hunting man.
He lets too much live on, perhaps you think.
He lets it all. He has to listen sharp
For the last truth, and so no other music,
Least of all gun music, comes between."

A rise of half a note in Richman's voice
Lifted the hound's free ear. "So high and mighty!
You and your woman boss: a gossip
god!
Don't think you're going to preach me
down. I pray,
I probably do; but not from rocking
chairs,
With yarn balls on my lap, and hoping
so
That nothing's ever going to get
hurt."
A full note's rise, and Gard looked up;
and the room,
Everywhere more quiet, ceased to
flow
Even with such a wave as the gods,
now one
In watching, now one person in their
plight,
Had kept in barest motion. Even the
still
Body of wisdom stopped.

—*Decoration from the book by Armin Landeck.*

The foregoing poem is a preview of Mark Van Doren's "The Mayfield Deer," to be published in October by Henry Holt & Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Beer

As Remembered by Two Classmates:

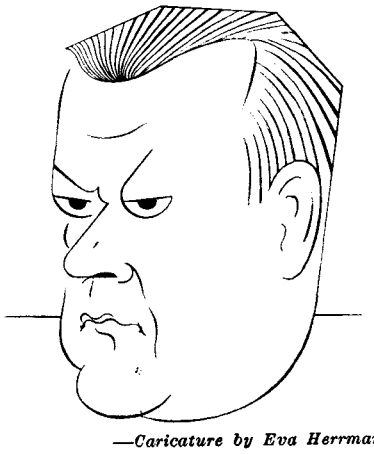
MONTY WOOLLEY and CARY ABBOTT

THE appearance of Thomas Beer's three studies on the men and activities of the '90's and the early 1900's, "The Mauve Decade," "Stephen Crane," and "Hanna," in the recently published omnibus volume, recalls to the minds of two of his oldest friends a number of Tom's highly individual and curious traits and practices. In the midst of composing a story for the *Saturday Evening Post,* or in the throes of writing "Hanna," he was a remote, morose, coffee-drinking, sleepless figure, alternately pacing restlessly through the spacious rooms of his house overlooking the Hudson at Yonkers, and throwing away an almost completely typed page —to be laboriously rewritten—because he had omitted a comma in a necessary place. It was agony to watch him, so meticulous was he in all the literary detail of a manuscript.

However, when he had finished a *Post* story, for example, he would gleefully fold it in an envelope, stamp it, and seal it by licking the flap, put an encyclopedia on it, and tramp on that to make sure the glue would stick. Then his chauffeur would have to take it all the way to the main Post Office in New York—for no particular reason—after which Tom would watch the mail like a hungry hawk until he had the assurance that the manuscript had reached its destination.

The news of its acceptance often resulted in Tom's rushing from Yonkers into New York, and in Prohibition days, to such a place as the Meadowbrook Club, a spot where very good wine and delicious food were served in quiet surroundings. Whoever was lucky enough to be his guest then listened to a fascinating pot-pourri of gossip, history, travel, interspersed with anecdotes, with perhaps an informal lecture on Egyptian art or the husbands of Joanna of Naples. If he was at someone's house, he was apt to deliver a monologue on any subject from the genealogy of the Adams family to the effects of the Code Napoléon on American jurisprudence. His ironic humor, coupled with a truly formidable store of knowledge, made him a magnet to all whom he regarded as his friends.

Sometimes, when he was asked about some point or subject, he would have to cover his confusion by a good deal of stuttering and having to spin some exaggeration to divert his questioner. Many years ago, in college, he was asked in all innocence what was ambergris. His friends were hoping that he knew nothing about ambergris but would tell a tall tale to cover his ignorance. Tom, nothing daunted, went on about its somewhat nauseating origin and its uses. When he had finished, the entire crowd piled their watches, fraternity charms, cuff-links, and money on the table to pay off the biggest tale since Baron Munschausen. Tom fled, but upon looking it up, his audience found to their great chagrin



—*Caricature by Eva Herrmann.*
Thomas Beer

that he had actually furnished them with a true and detailed account of this product of the sea.

He loathed large gatherings of people, preferring to meet new acquaintances who were under the aegis of this or that familiar. Comparatively speaking, it was a small circle whom he cared for, but they were drawn from a highly variegated assemblage made up of literary and dramatic authors and critics, actors and actresses, politicians, "social registerites," men and women from widely separated sections of America, and a sprinkling of foreigners.

These friends were carefully selected for their backgrounds as well as for their personalities, as Tom was insatiably curious about obscure local idioms, customs, odd bits of history and lore, particularly pertaining to America; and the answer to a casual question by him often found its way into print some years later in one of his novels or biographies. A strange usage of English in western Pennsylvania or northern Mississippi, or the reason why Senator Blank's wife managed to "crash" the Cave-dweller set in Washington were grist for his mill. Many of his circle were famous and important persons; an equal number of them were not. Snobbery was a hateful thing to him, literary and social.

Possessed of a photographic memory, Tom's reading was swift. From long and probably secret practice he seemed to be able to extract and remember some important or well written passage from a book—a passage that no one would ever have been able to uncover without difficult research or a flair for the unusual. He was forever telling his friends to read some forgotten novel, or odd piece of history, or a neglected dissertation on art so that they should be properly posted. As an example, he once found an out-of-print memoir by an army officer's wife telling a thrilling story of her experiences at a now deserted fort on the lower Colorado River in the '80's, a unique work that deserves a better fate as a literary and historical "find."

BESIDES having a penetrating knowledge of history and literature, Tom was always absorbed in painting and sculpture. He had a passion for many of the moderns, and in his later years he hung a Thomas Benton over the mantelpiece facing the desk where he did his writing. His love for Egyptian art was almost an obsession, matched only by his interest in the "stately homes of England," and old American houses and objects. He had a large collection of pictorial volumes on the plastic arts which he used to mull over, generally by lying crosswise on his narrow bed, turning over the leaves of the book which reposed on the floor, and dropping cigarette ashes in or near a tall receiver nearby.

Tom's love for music was somewhat limited to the vocal, dramatic forms. He was very fond of opera, and equally fond of modern popular music. His wide knowledge of the theatre seemed to be responsible for his liking such diverse works as "Die Walkuere" and "Show Boat," and even such ribald ballads as "Frankie and Johnnie." He was not highly interested in the more abstract types of composition. But here again, as in his chosen profession of letters, he was always ahead of his contemporaries in discovering odd but pertinent facts. At home he was often heard humming an aria from such a forgotten opera as "Maritana," or singing verses from hillbilly songs long before the latter found their way to their present vogue.

Tom had always hoped to put on paper the book on modern esthetics which was to have been called "Form, Color, and Desire," and for some years his publishers announced its forthcoming appearance; but, alas! it apparently never reached a first draft. There were times when he wished that in the future he might have departed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from writing novels and studies of American manners and men, in order to devote his talent and energy to other subjects that appealed to his imagination. One of these ideas was a work on the culture and civilization of Celtic Ireland. His library contained much material on the subject, most of it written years ago, and Tom felt that an up-to-date book on that Golden Age was needed. Another subject dear to his heart was Scottish political and social history during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But his pet idea was a biography of the before-mentioned Joanna of Naples with her several husbands and her goings-on at the Papal Court at Avignon, because she and her contemporaries appealed both to his sense of humor and to his appreciation of the pageantry and corruption of the fourteenth century.

Tom was at his best as a host, when his shy public manner would thaw, and he was surrounded by his family and a small company of friends. At Christmas dinner, after he had distributed a gold piece to each guest—the gold pieces had been hanging from the traditional tree—he sat down to a table loaded with all the usual Yuletide bounty, fortified with magnificent wine, and garnished with such delectables as oyster sauce and pineapple ice with the turkey. And later in the day, after family and guests had dozed for a soporific two or three hours, and a cold supper of perhaps smoked Westphalian ham, foie gras, champagne, and brandied peaches was about to be served, Tom would avoid the conventional reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and instead turn to the Bible. It was not the story of Bethlehem he would read, but the tale from Ezekiel of those two jaunty harlots Ohalah and Ohalibah, sometimes following that up by the one about old King David and the beautiful Shulamite. Then off to New York the guests would go, full to the gorge with a feast for body and soul, and a memory of our host that never dims.

Monty Woolley, Cary Abbott, and Thomas Beer were members of the Class of 1911, Yale University.

Literary Fortune in Will

"The Columbia Encyclopedia" is about to be remembered in someone's will. No, it is not going to inherit a fortune. In fact we aren't quite sure what is going to happen, but we did get this note recently from a New England bookseller: "Will you kindly send us a catalogue, or circulars giving full information about "The Columbia Encyclopedia," as we have a customer who is quite interested in this and wishes to leave a subscription in a will?"

—The Pleasures of Publishing.

Diary in A New Dimension

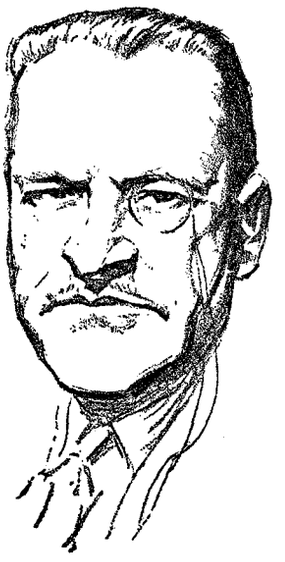
STRICTLY PERSONAL. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

I have a notion that it is well to tell the reader at the beginning of a narrative what he is in for, and so I shall start by telling you that this is not an account of great events, but of the small things that happened to me during the first fifteen months of the war . . . I have thought it might be interesting to set down on paper the incidents, trifling in themselves, which seem to have changed the whole course of my life.

ONE cannot help thinking that this little book, introduced with such a modest self-assurance, will survive the tastes, eulogies, and condemnations of our time, and continue to interest the people who come after us. All we know about literary survival is that—so far as novelists and essayists are concerned—it has little to do with morals or economic beliefs or even with good writing: but that it has a great deal to do with personality. Mr. Maugham's fiction, even the best of it, and the best of it is exceedingly distinguished, may not appeal to readers fifty years from now. Both the characters and their creator may easily seem strange and remote. Nobody will pity their agitations or laugh over their foibles. But his critical and occasional prose will, I believe, outlive us all. Any number of writers have more to tell us than he has; their thinking has more scope, their imagery more richness; but they lack his rare and enviable gift of impressing a personality upon their prose.

"Strictly Personal" may strike some readers as a trivial production. It is full of seeming irrelevancies and its continuity is—or rather appears to be—haphazard. Why should Mr. Maugham stop to tell us about the affectionate habits and celibate life of his dachshund? or waste time with the pointless story of the young lady of Munich? Yet these are the slight clews that lead us to the heart of the book. Again, packing a grip in order to leave France just one jump ahead of the Germans, "it gave me a pang," he writes, "to leave behind a beautiful new tail coat that I had recently had made, but I thought I should never need full dress again; I hesitated about my dinner jacket, but at the last moment decided to put it in." And so he sets out, in a refugee ship ill-equipped with boats or life-jackets, through hostile seas, towards a future that contains a black tie but not a white one.



Somerset Maugham

All these insignificant incidents, I cannot help thinking, will cohere more and more through the years as more and more readers savor them. For "Strictly Personal" is that very rare thing, the portrait of a personality. And, for all its casual airs, it has been written with care and anguish by a writer who is never slipshod and who has an almost impeccable sense of form.

Mr. Maugham spent most of the early months of the war in France, working for the British Ministry of Information; he was therefore in a good position to observe the strange spiritual unpreparedness, so oddly compounded of bravado and self-interest, of that unhappy country. He sets this down without preaching, for he is not a moralist. He is a man whose highest standards—and they are fanatically high—are literary ones; who confesses that "I can't be on terms of familiarity with somebody whose writings I despise"; and who is more apt to be intrigued by, than to condemn, the weaknesses and rogueries of human beings.

As his little sketch of Mrs. Neville Chamberlain snows, he has not become any kinder. Nor has he acquired a new sense of human tragedy. In "Strictly Personal," he sees the world as he knew it crumble away, and exposes here and there a certain rottenness in the foundations. But he is able to describe this process in his own terms; he does not masquerade; he remains himself. That is why this extraordinary little book has a permanent value. Moreover, if I were a Nazi, I should find it a very alarming book: for if it is sad, it is also full of hope—not optimism, but hope, which is much stronger.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT ARE THE DRAFTEES READING?

(*Continued from page* 4)

ered that in proportion as this camp experience is vital, all the great worlds of literature have a deeper, finer meaning than ever before."

Then there was the private who asked a Y.M.C.A. secretary for Tennyson. "When I'm tired I like to read Tennyson." After one of the great advances another man wrote, "On such a day as this, one wishes to read well-expressed words which deal with eternal things."

The number of such personal reactions must have been far more than the comments recorded, which were many. There remains, though, the record of books worn out in reading. So many requests for books on religion and ethics came to one hut, for instance, that a reserve collection had to be set up. In another camp a fifth of the men were studying French. Grammars, histories, Baedekers, became immediate necessities. A boy convalescing in a hospital observed with satisfaction that *now* he had his chance to make a thorough study of French literature. (Keen interest in French culture is found among English soldiers today. One small district alone reports 120 men holding regular French classes.)

Many soldiers today want to learn more about some particular thing—their trade or business, a hobby, banking, free verse, studies that were interrupted by the draft. Nine out of ten requests recorded during the last war were also for books of this kind. Together with the interest shown in poetry, plays, essays, philosophy, religion, such reading revealed throughout the ranks, regardless of color or economic status, an inherent drive toward personal betterment—a drive best understood by advertising men.

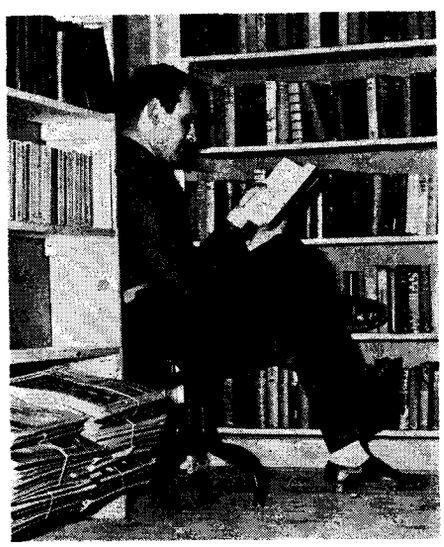
Lack of such comprehension partially blocked the work of Camp Logan's librarian in 1917. Men asked repeatedly for technical books on automobiles, wireless, electricity—books the librarian lacked money to buy. The librarian mentioned this to a local bookdealer who, armed with a list of specific titles, proposed to his club that its members help him supply the books. The club members were not interested. The boys wouldn't want that highbrow stuff.

There is nothing highbrow about a book to the man who wants it. Requests for such books are vastly greater today as mechanized warfare spurs interest in every conceivable branch of technology, some of them non-existent during the last war. Yet once again a report originates that soldiers will not be interested in technical books.

Men also want the less immediately practical books that sting them to thought. "I don't want a novel." "Anything on Transcendentalism and Geronimo?" A man complained because "the girls give me the *Red Book* and *Snappy Stories* till I'm bored stiff. I'd like an honest-to-God law book to snap my mind back into place." Men are asking for Churchill's "Blood, Sweat and Tears," Brander Matthews's "Development of the Drama," Fox's "Sermon on the Mount," Van Loon's "The Arts." The story goes that an officer fainted when he learned that one of his men went to the library for a book on psychology to help him adjust to camp life.

The standard of camp libraries is high in theory, flexible in practice. One camp librarian summed it up in a personal credo: "I try to give each man the best book I think he will read." For one this was Bacon one day, Voltaire the next. It was "Tarzan" every day for another until he had read all but one and that was out. With nothing better to do while waiting he followed the librarian's casual suggestion. He read a very elementary informational book and was astonished by the totally new idea it gave him —that of reading a book to find out something. Here, stimulus was direct.

Location and plan of the buildings was a major factor in the phenomenal success of the earlier camp libraries. Whenever possible they were separately housed, and while all were plain one-story affairs, there was conscious effort to make them comfortable and homelike. Some had fireplaces, others had porches; for almost all Architect Tilton contrived some distinctive feature. So designed and placed, they were the one place on the reservations where a man could evade the discipline, noise, enforced companionship that were his everywhere else. For hundreds of men the library was a Godsend merely as a place set off by itself—quiet and sure to have no program afoot. There a man might sit and read, or sit and think, or just sit—as he pleased.



U. S. Army

Private Sascha London enjoys a book in the newly enlarged library at Camp Upton, N. Y.

The therapeutic value of such psychological escape seems so clear that the present housing of libraries in the service clubs along with recreational activities is hard to understand. The Morale Division's generous support of social activities guarantees that these halls will be the lively sociable places they should be. Every kind of social recreation appears to be provided for. The forgotten man in camp will be the man who sometimes wants to be alone.

The reason for housing books with billiards, dancing, and ping-pong may be that when plans were drawn, only recreational reading was thought of, and so the library seemed logically a part of the recreational hall. Very likely now as before, the average man's reading will be more recreational than studious, yet it is well to remember that, like Superman, the average man is a myth; he is never a private in the army. There are only thousands of individuals, each one getting or wanting something different from the book he reads. The same book is idle pastime to one man, hard work to another, revelation to a third. Furthermore, all reading for whatever purpose at whatever level (reading aloud excepted), has this in common: that it is non-social, a distinctly personal activity, best done and most enjoyed alone, or psychologically remote from diversions. A library's attraction lies in just this fact, that it provides, over and above books, service and chairs, an atmosphere of impersonal detachment. It is this quality that makes even the simplest library so pleasant a place when the mood is on, so boring when it is not.

Camp librarians now enjoy advantages denied their predecessors. In 1917, welfare and recreational organizations worked independently; coöperation was more or less optional. Today, all such services functioning within camp boundaries are centered in the Morale Division. And in the case of libraries at least, time was necessarily lost getting started in 1917. The idea itself was new, funds were nonexistent, and no one knew what kind of libraries men would use or if they would use any. Today's Army Library

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Service profits by lessons learned the hard way, by trial and error. It can build on the record, which shows that men who read worthwhile books before they entered the army, continued to read them; that others learned to read and enjoy them for the first time; and that the policy of giving each man the best book he would read, even when this was not very good, nevertheless resulted in stepping up reading tastes throughout the ranks. Today too, money is appropriated from federal funds.

There is no point, however, in exaggerating the importance of the camp libraries, and camp librarians know this, one recognizing frankly that "recreational activities must of necessity play second fiddle." And while it is true that within the past few months an Italian-American private has preferred William James to Westerns, that two men quarreled as to which should read "The Last Puritan" first, and that in England a workman charged with being drunk and disorderly explained that he was only discussing philosophy ("We talked about Socrates and Plato and were just getting to Pythagoras when the trouble began")—such men represent only a minority in any group, in any army. Yet an important minority. One need not depart from the democratic ideal of identical rights for all men to recognize that some of those men contribute more to society than others. Without becoming paramount, the camp library's dual role remains extremely important. Its provision of simple recreation is never to be under-estimated, but more significantly, it makes possible continued personal development for the minority that wants it. Such development may and does range in kind from pursuit of mathematical studies to new vocational ambitions. After a month's assignment to the stables one private now studies to become a veterinarian. A western Corps Area librarian estimates on the basis of present use of the camp libraries within his area, that about half of the men will develop some new or existing interest—Spanish, television, radio, philosophy, the techniques of poetry, etc. Two camp librarians report that half of the books soldiers read are nonfiction. Any public library that circulates as much as thirty per cent of such books is exceptional.

Most of the million and a half American soldiers are going to read, and the better the camp libraries provided for them, the more they will read to advantage. The camp libraries now existing or contemplated will contribute to army morale, admittedly none too high as yet. Their services will make better soldiers and eventually, better civilians.

ALL THE CRITICS CHEER A NEW CLASSIC—AND IT'S

"Much too genuine to be missed."

—Ralph Thompson, N. Y. Times

By MARY O'HARA

A Story Press Book

The story of a dreamy boy, an outlaw horse, and a mother who understood. "I am sure that boys and girls, and fathers and mothers, will still be reading *My Friend Flicka* ten years hence, or twenty. It will pass into that borderland where some of the best loved books in the English tongue hold their immortality, on the shelf with *Treasure Island* and Dumas and Dickens and *Mutiny on the Bounty*."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

MY FRIEND FLICKA

"*Renė Kraus has scored again . . .*

THE MEN AROUND CHURCHILL

By RENÉ KRAUS

"More than an interesting and informative group of portraits of British leaders; it is a proof of the power of a free society to meet a great crisis with great men."—*Allan Nevins, Saturday Review of Literature.* "As absorbing as the latest war communique."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* By the author of *Winston Churchill.* Illustrated. $3.00

"*Easily Miss Seifert's best novel.*"

—Philadelphia Inquirer

WATERS OF THE WILDERNESS

By SHIRLEY SEIFERT

From a forgotten page of history this noted novelist recreates the lost romance of the dashing frontiersman, George Rogers Clark, and the beautiful Señorita Teresa, sister of the Spanish governor of old St. Louis. "No novelist has provided so essentially truthful a portrait of Clark himself."—*N. Y. Times Book Review* $2.75

"*An education in Nazi technique.*"

—N. Y. Herald Tribune

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME

By THOMAS KERNAN

The one book that explains the news from France, written by an American who has been an eyewitness to recent events. "Sobering and shocking as well as absorbing . . . sustantial and readable, and especially commended to those who still wonder what 'collaboration' with Hitler spells."—*Ralph Thompson, N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. $2.75

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH

THE TURQUOISE SHOP

By Frances Crane • $2.

IN THE BALANCE

By Patricia Wentworth • $2.

LIPPINCOTT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What happened then?

After beginning life the night Clay Allison shot up Cimarron and living to see all the good cowboys going into the movies, Agnes Morley Cleaveland wrote her biography and won a Houghton Mifflin Company Life-in-America award.

What happened then?

The publishers ran out of stock.

perhaps because

The *New Yorker* called it "top-notch."

No Life for a Lady

A Life-in-America Prize Book

By AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

Price $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Road of a Naturalist

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

The story of a thoughtful excursion by automobile out into the American wilds, and an excursion in thought into the nation's and the author's own past, in search of new strength for the trials of today.

"There is no one using English today who can rival him in his field, no one who possesses his unusual combination of authority, charm, and deep humanity."—*Clifton Fadiman* $3.00

A Life-in-America Prize Book

But Is It Too Late?

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME. By Thomas Kernan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1941. 294 *pp., and appendices.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS H. SCHNEIDER

IT is disappointing that with so much excellent material at his disposal, Mr. Kernan has not succeeded in giving a more living picture of conditions in Occupied France. In his desire to cover not only those subjects upon which he is evidently an authority, but also those of which his knowledge seems relatively limited, he has overreached himself.

"France on Berlin Time" is primarily a study of German "business" methods in France, and of the effect of the occupation on French economy. Four of the fourteen chapters deal with this one subject and here Mr. Kernan is at his best. When he writes of the newspaper and publishing businesses in Paris, one recognizes at once that his is first-hand information from a man thoroughly conversant with the field.

The cold-blooded and superlatively planned Nazi technique of industrial invasion is skillfully outlined: the author shows that there are different ways of mulcting a country. Firstly, the Germans would requisition outright such goods as they immediately needed. But this was the brutal approach. Far more effective was their way of "buying in" to French businesses. With the huge credits accrued as a consequence of the exorbitant charges levied for the army of occupation, the German state was soon able to acquire a majority interest in all French industries which they found of interest. And most of them they did so consider.

Rarely, however, did Germany, as a state, intervene officially. Middlemen, commission agents, smooth carpet-baggers would do the work, explaining to the industrialist that it was in his interest to sell a majority of his shares. If he did not, the whole business might well be commandeered. And if he did, as was most often the case, he soon found himself, although the nominal owner, ousted by the new majority holders.

This is an excellent exposé of Nazi business methods and should give pause to any of those who still think that "you can do business with Hitler." It is unfortunate that the book is not always on the same impersonal, objective level as are these chapters on business.

The French school system incurs some deserved censure, but surely Mr. Kernan is not serious when he says: "Children of ten were compelled to stay in school all day (a vague term) without exercise or recreation." As an ex-headmaster of a private school in France, whose children attended both private and public schools in and near Paris, this reviewer feels compelled to question that statement. All schools in France had the usual ten-minute recess between the fifty-minute class periods. The institution of compulsory gymnastics in public schools is hailed as a Vichy reform. May one point out that not Maréchal Pétain but Monsieur Jean Zay, minister of education in the Popular Front government, was responsible for this reform? The question of Catholic schools is brought up in the chapter on "The Partisans" and the author, quoting the Law on Religious Associations, gives the impression that the measures of 1903 taken against religious schools were still in effect. To be sure the laws were still on the statute books, but had been nullified by tacit consent. Catholic schools have flourished since 1919. Two-fifths of the French schoolboys undergoing secondary education attended private schools, the overwhelming majority of which were organized by and, in fact if not in law, directed by Jesuits and Dominicans.

But it would be tedious to continue picking out erroneous details which, though regrettable, have never completely spoiled a good book. The lack of any visible plan or framework to this volume is a graver defect. A short sub-section entitled "Mademoiselle" starts out with two paragraphs of interesting information concerning the French girl's place in the Vichy new order. The third and last paragraph, almost as long as the two others together, deals in some detail with the isolated case of one French girl. It is true that her name is "Mademoiselle Genevieve de Noailles, the granddaughter of the Duc de Noailles, the daughter of the Duc d'Ayen," which perhaps explains matters.

It would also seem that statistics could be more clearly handled than they are. For example, Mr. Kernan intimates that the Popular Front and the forty hour week were responsible for the growth of alcoholism in France. As a proof he quotes the "bistrots," or small cafés and bars, which "increased from 410,000 in 1919 to 509,000 in 1937." As the Popular Front elections took place in 1936, the above figures prove very little.

In short, for a serious book of reference, "France on Berlin Time" is not documentary enough. For the lay reader its apparent lack of construction will prove annoying.

The book contains a number of excellent photographs..

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freeman . . .

HIS OWN PLACE. By H. W. Freeman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1941. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

THIS is a most satisfying book, not only because it is so soothingly unproblematic and offers a welcome relief from the grim and gloomy reading matter provided by the war, but because it is a richly flavored and well-rounded novel written by an author whose rare talent has already been manifested in his previous books. His prose, as always, is of a beautiful simplicity, without the mannerism that often goes with it, and his theme again is the vigor and triumphant force of life itself. He transfers the reader into a world which, in the face of all the noise and bedlam of the day, seems curiously remote and holds him there for quite some time after the book has closed.

It is strange that this should be so, for the story yields not much excitement. There is little action in it, no drama, and no romance. It is the story of a man and his unconquerable zest for life; it begins in the starving days of his boyhood and ends in the still meagre time of his old age. But in between these he has lived fully, if always humbly, and has enjoyed life in his gratefully devoted way. As a boy he learned the toil and hardship of farming, and after an adventurous interlude as a "potman" in a London pub he returns to his native Suffolk and with his savings buys a deserted farm. The years that follow are years of hard labor but also years of steady growth and happiness. There is a sound and healthy woman who shares his life; there is a solid friendship as well as a bitter rivalry.

As one may easily gather even from a meagre outline like this, it can hardly be the simple and almost dispassionate story that holds the reader's interest whose taste has been badly spoiled by stronger meat. The fascinating thing about this little book is the spirit that it breathes, its attitude toward life, its unfailing confidence in the basic qualities of man—his strength, his decency, his resourcefulness, his creative power. One is vaguely reminded of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil," even though its significance is not quite as universal and persuading. But Mr. Freeman's prose, like Hamsun's, is poetic and reflecting, full of humor and vivid description. It gives the book its richness and its charm, and makes the reader do something he rarely does—turn back the pages and read a passage over again to capture fully the sense of its beauty.

Archer . . .

HANKOW RETURN. By C. S. Archer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1941. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

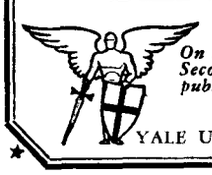
C. S. ARCHER, who was born in Ireland and educated at Oxford, worked with the Chinese Maritime Customs until 1940 when he went to England to join the RAF. With this background in China, he has written an interesting first novel about an American aviator in the Chinese air service. The story begins in Hankow, where American aviators actually did engage in active fighting in 1938. Bill Monroe has an exciting combat with Japanese bombers over Hankow, then gives up the air service to pursue beautiful and sophisticated Sara Copley to Shanghai. After numerous adventures with Sara, with a German anti-Nazi military advisor, a famous dancer, and an English businessman trafficking with the Japanese, Bill must decide whether or not he loves Sara more than air battles.

It is a good story, well-told, unless one wishes to quibble over the rather unAmerican idiom into which the author's American characters lapse occasionally ("bloody," "kerb," etc.) and the too frequent nightgown and "undies" episodes. The picture of foreign life in Hankow and the treaty ports is delightfully rendered. Mr. Archer's lively style and ability to delineate character indicate a promising new novelist. His treaty port foreigners are particularly authentic.

Margaret Kennedy

The distinguished author of THE CONSTANT NYMPH has written a personal day-by-day journal telling with quiet humor the deeply moving story of how she, her family, and her friends "took it" during the German strafing of England.

WHERE STANDS A WINGÈD SENTRY



On sale at all bookstores. Second printing before publication.

$2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

RANDOM HOUSE Hits

VINCENT Sheean's

first big American novel

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS

$2.50

What Makes Sammy Run?

By BUDD SCHULBERG

7th printing, $2.50

A Yank in the R.A.F.

By HARLAN THOMAS

The novel from which Tyrone Power's new movie has been made. $2.00

Last Man Around the World

By STEPHEN LONGSTREET

author of DECADE

"The most enjoyable travelogue of the season . . . vastly entertaining."—TIME.

$3.00

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 St., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan's Fascist Years

VOLCANIC ISLE. By Wilfrid Fleisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 345 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

WHEN Wilfrid Fleisher left Japan only a few months ago he had spent seventeen years there as a newspaper man, as editor of the *Japan Advertiser* and correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune.* Few foreigners if any had such access as his to the official Japanese; he was able to interview the Emperor Hirohito, to visit and talk intimately with Matsuoka, and to scoop the news of the Berlin-Tokyo alliance eleven days before the signing of the treaty. In this timely book he tells informally but dependably of Japan's last ten fascist years since her invasion of Manchuria, stressing the sorry history of her relations with the United States, her oblique dealings with Russia and Germany, and, particularly, the internal havoc wrought by Germany's violation of the Anti-Comintern Pact when she concluded the equally faithless non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union.

There are exciting chapters about the military revolt of 1936 when Fleisher's family climbed over the garden wall on a winter night to seek safety with Ambassador Grew, and Premier Okada sensationally escaped the rebels. There were tense moments when the *Japan Advertiser* seemed likely to be suppressed and Fleisher thrown into jail for such peccadillos as printing a "reprehensibly" blurred picture of the baby Crown Prince feeding a horse. But the sections of the book which are most significant concern conditions in Japan today—the complete censorship, the murderous police, the shortage of rice, charcoal, even water, the ominous white boxes of soldiers' ashes returning in thousands from the front, the ignorance of the people regarding their own leadership and the prosecution of the war.

"There is no single outstanding figure," Fleisher writes, "to whom the public can point as the man at the helm of the ship of state." The people are told that the war is over now, and Chiang Kai-shek merely a bandit chieftain. Fleisher believes that eventual invasion of the Dutch East Indies is not unlikely, but that the Phillippines are safe. His book is good reading and a valuable reference for the interpretation of current news.

Hassoldt Davis is the author of "Save Me the Sun," and "Land of the Eye," a narrative of the Davis-Roosevelt expedition to Burma, China, and Nepal.

SRLrs who want the best autobiography in English should read

ERIC GILL

Autobiography

***"a grand book"*—Christopher Morley in SRL. $3.50—illustrated.**

The Devin-Adair Co., 23 E. 26 St., N. Y. C.

Six Boom Towns

OIL BOOM. By Boyce House. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1941. 194 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT WHITEHAND

THE oil fields are rich in lore and legend, tall stories, heroic feats, tales of get-rich-quick ventures, unbelievable success, heartbreaking failures. There are many "characters" who, known only by nicknames like Poker Red or Shorty, migrate from field to field, weaving sagas of half-mythical deeds about themselves, turning up wherever a plume of gushing oil bends in the wind.

With material like this available, Boyce House has written a fairly adequate account of six boom towns—Spindletop, Burkburnett, Mexia, Smackover, Desdemona, and Ranger. These fields, omitting the more recent East Texas field, are the history of petroleum development in Texas and Arkansas during our century. Always there was some crackpot with an idea that oil lay hidden hereabouts. Despite geologists and wiseacres he would stick to that idea until money was raised and a test drilled. Once it took ten wells to discover the pool.

The book succeeds in recounting the facts of each boom. Many of the old-timers are mentioned and their stories related. Yet somehow the spirit of the oil fields is missing, the actual feel of a derrick shivering underfoot as the oil roars up to send bailer and cable crashing against the crownblock. Perhaps this could never be recreated in purely factual writing.

The "Armco" Story

TRUE STEEL. By Christy Borth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 319 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

MORE than forty years ago George M. Verity, son of a circuit-riding Ohio preacher, founded the American Rolling Mill Company—"Armco" to the users of rust-resisting wire fences, tanks, culverts, and drain pipes. Many a steel master became more famous than Mr. Verity, a number of steel companies grew bigger than Armco, but no success story of American industry is more satisfying. The company and its founder led a rounded life. They were out to make money and build a business. In the battle against rust they experimented with masses of molten iron at the risk of life and equipment, and finally spread their product around the world.

But it was Verity's idea that a business ought to be founded on men rather than machines. The company began experimenting with the eight-hour day when the trade generally regarded it as a silly affectation. There were grassy lawns around the mills, a branch bank for the workers' convenience, fortnightly teas for the men and their families on the Verity lawn in Middletown. All this has lately been roundly scorned as paternalism. Already, under the new order of things, it begins to look dated. But one's sense of business values is clarified by this record of hard work, valuable achievement, sensible objectives, moderate size (amid giants), and continuing corporate identity in a world of industrial upheaval.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "A Study in Scarlet."
2. 221-B Baker Street.
3. Dr. John H. Watson.
4. Mrs. Hudson.
5. In the toe of a Persian slipper.
6. Transfixed by a jackknife into the center of the wooden mantlepiece.
7. Whiskey-and-soda with lemon.
8. Cocaine. (Possibly morphine also, if we can believe Dr. Watson.)
9. The violin.
10. Medieval music.
11. Pistol practice.
12. The Diogenes Club.
13. Mycroft Holmes.
14. Professor Moriarty.
15. The "Gloria Scott" case.
16. Most prominent were Lestrade, Tobias Gregson, Stanley Hopkins, Athelney Jones, and Alec MacDonald.
17. 140.
18. Irene Adler.
19. Sussex Downs.
20. Bee keeping.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank . . .

SUMMER NEVER ENDS. By Waldo Frank. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

IF anyone else had written this story of a muddled, middle-aged man's Search for Love, it could have been reviewed with the frivolity or mild ribaldry its adolescent solemnity merits. Since a writer of Mr. Frank's stature has perpetrated it, one is compelled to look squarely at it and ask why. The subject is not essentially at fault. A successful lawyer nearing fifty, about to be divorced from a mercenary wife and ready to cut himself off with a shilling for the sake of two spoiled children to whom he has never meant anything but a bank account, is a legitimate enough "hero" in this country. Every man in a novel doesn't have to be under thirty and look like Robert Taylor. Nearly every man, especially at fifty, likes to feel affection and warmth about him, and when he lacks them, a little judicious looking about is to be regarded sympathetically. One does not even ask of him, any more than of the man of thirty, that he shall find what he is looking for in the handiest places.

Mortimer Crane, for example, had one of those faithful, understanding, maternal secretaries who always seem to hover over big men in books, but naturally something more elusive and romantic must be found to fill the void. How about a nice, cool-looking virgin of twenty-two, serious-minded, very much concerned about social legislation, trying, despite poverty, to get a Master's Degree so she can amount to something in the world? Not pretty. That would be rather obvious. But alluring, untouched, drawn by some strange compulsion to this man, yet ever repelling him.

—Drawing by Mielziner.

Waldo Frank

Well, it isn't a bad sort of conflict to read about at the end of August. For summer, despite Mr. Frank's title, does end. But what immature characterization, what wooden dialogue, what humorlessness about an essentially ironic theme, what atrocious style you have to take along with it! The author is describing at great length the heroine's sleeping. Exactly what deep significance her turning in bed or her lying still has for the novel I am too ignorant to understand, but here is how he does it:

> She lay still, her hands open at her sides under her sheet . . . her face tilted sidewise on the low pillow, her mouth partly open. Her breath, quiet and deep, billowed her thorax(!); her breasts slumbered. She lay nearly an hour motionless . . . Her sleep was extraordinarily still. When her father, not long before dawn opened the door, shut it, chained it, noisily felt his way to his room past hers, she stirred, lifting a knee under the sheet; and so slept on. Her mouth quivered, her knee sank, her arms straightened at her sides again; her face turned upward, and then turned toward the wall.

She dreams, too, and I have no doubt it is all very meaningful, but exactly what purpose all this serves in getting the novel told and felt and understood, I cannot see. Mr. Frank likes fancy words, as when he says somebody ingurgitated coffee, or masticated noisily, or unclothes or disrobes. Sometimes his phrases sound very pretty, but I don't know what they mean: "They were falling through a murmurous flesh of warm trees." But always there is his tiresome striving for intensity. Mr. Frank is too experienced a writer not to want every word to do its job. What he evidently does not see is that words can do only their jobs, and they can do them only when they are carefully used. You can't ask them to breathe for you.

Corbett . . .

FAYE'S FOLLY. By Elizabeth Corbett. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

FAYE'S FOLLY is of course the name of a house, one more of those large projections of a man's ambition which seems always to excite his neighbors to derision. In this instance it does not also become a symbol of failure, for Frederick Faye builds a successful farm around it, and around it too Miss Corbett builds her novel. The story is really about Sheba Faye, daughter of the house, and her life in Illinois during the fateful sixties. Sheba is familiar enough as a heroine, sweet, wilful, loyal, long-suffering, and she achieves the dubious feat of quite diminishing those great public events which file past. The Civil War is in its third year. Lincoln is renominated, Sherman manoeuvers toward his march to the sea. Grant is digging in; then suddenly victory, and the death of Lincoln. All of these things are told, but they seem somehow to be news from far away, while the really important history is that of Sheba Faye, her love for her father, her romance with Jim Warner (who is married, but to the wrong woman), and the bright ending in store. It is really a quiet little story of love and charm.

THE AUTHENTIC
Literature of Israel

By Elizabeth Czarnomska. This highly important work presents the ancient Hebrew Scriptures in the form as near as possible in which they first appealed to the nation.

2 VOLUMES (MACMILLAN)
ORIGINAL EDITION
Formerly $10.00
NOW ONLY $3.49
BARGAIN BOOK CO.
25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PETER PAN DEAR BRUTUS
BARRIE
The Story of
J.M.B.
A Biography by
Denis Mackail
"It gives almost as intensive a knowledge of Barrie in the reportable physical events of his life from childhood to the grave as we have of Pepys's life for the comparatively brief periods of the diaries . . . It keeps you in constant awareness of the incredible, fantastic, mystifying variety of creatures that Barrie always was in his inward and secret life."—*Atlantic Monthly.* 736 pages. $3.75
at bookstores
Charles Scribner's Sons
A WINDOW IN THRUMS MY LADY NICOTINE
THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON SENTIMENTAL TOMMY
MARY ROSE THE LITTLE MINISTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Others may think they'd like to live their lives over again— BUT NOT ME!

". . . . not if this last week is going to be in it. I never again want to live at Fiddler's Fingers, or hear the near inhuman chuckle that came to sound like laughter at all law and right. I never again want to know the panic of being up against a mind so much more skilful than mine that even the signs we did see—the acid in a bride's toilet kit, the burnt matchsticks under a bed, a car moving driverless into the lake like a Frankenstein's monster—all just bogged us deeper in error and despair. Heaven forbid that I ever again feel that I'm a member of a looming last man's club, with death walking hooded in the night, relentless, remorseless, and successful . . ."

THUS Mabel Seeley, author of 1940's sensation *The Whispering Cup*, introduces THE CHUCKLING FINGERS. And, as you follow this masterpiece of horror to the last tense moment when a door opens slowly in the dead of the night, you'll find yourself living through one of the weirdest, most spine-chilling experiences you've ever had!

Mabel Seeley's smash-hit new mystery

The CHUCKLING FINGERS

September CRIME CLUB *Selection* $2.00

Life of the RN

ACTION STATIONS! By "Bartimeus." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication). 1941. 262 pp. $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

Criterion Press

"Bartimeus"

DURING the last war Bartimeus (a pseudonym for an officer in the paymaster branch of the Royal Navy) attained considerable success with sketches of the service. After a twenty-five year hibernation, here he is again; and it is not at all unlikely that "Action Stations!" will follow the earlier works to the top of the sales lists.

It will not be an undeserved eminence. A world overrun with bad books on the RAF can afford to take a pretty good one which tells about the life of the RN; and there have been none. Partly this is because the most spectacular naval occasions have also been the most secret—such as the procedure of a submarine-hunt, or the tracking down of *Bismarck*. Partly it is because the very conditions of sea-service constitute an effective ban on any kind of writing; long hours of vigilance and boredom, with barely enough time for physical restoration between, as opposed to the flyer's few moments of vivid action, followed by considerable periods of relief, in which he can write, or at least tell, his story. Partly it traces to the fact that the British Navy is traditionally an illiterate, if not unlettered, service. There is a convention that its officers write only memoirs long after the event.

Bartimeus reports as of today the feelings and incidents in a navy at war. They are as fresh and interesting as any eye-witness's from the front, and perhaps more valuable as being an account from an unknown front. But it is his defect as well as his virtue to be a reporter. He has no more sense of fiction than William Saroyan, his stories are reportages merely, gelatinous in form, from which there may emerge a composite British naval character, but never any individual characters. Even the puppet characters are chosen merely for what they see; in the last and what should have been the climactic story of the book, the chase of the *Bismarck*, scene and characters, are shifted no less than nine times in thirty-three pages.

The people of these characters are obviously only there to present re-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

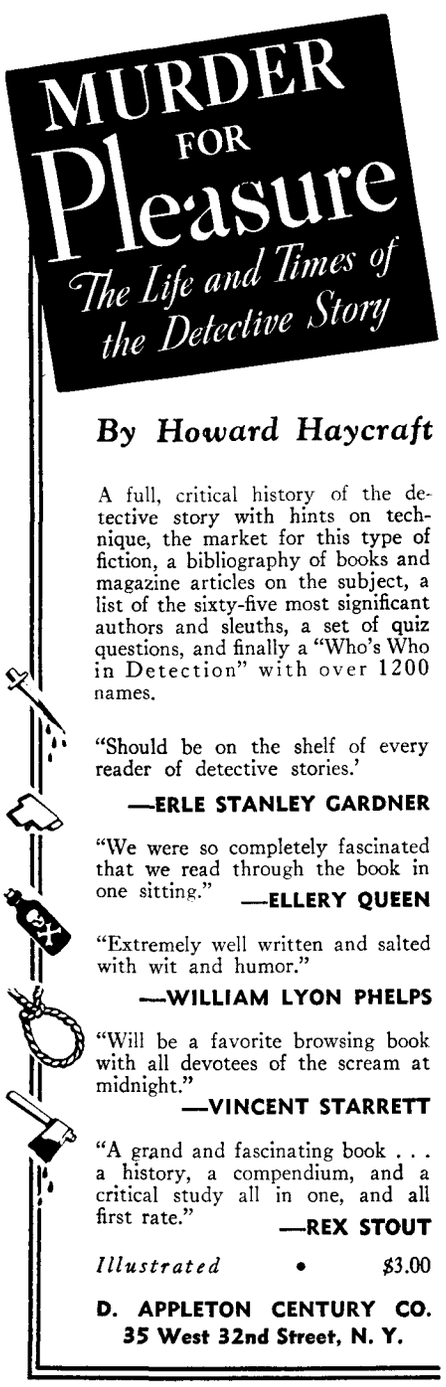
Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH AND THE DANCING FOOTMAN *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Maliciously contrived English week-end party culminates in murder. Insp. Alleyne is summoned and selects proper fish from red herrings.	Brilliant first part, in which events preceding tragedy scintillate steadily, followed by Alleyne's tardy entrance and stunning climax.	Unexcelled
DEAD OF WINTER *Christopher Hale* (Crime Club: $2.)	Animosities blaze in house-party isolated by blizzard and 2 guests perish via poison route. Mich. Trooper French elucidates.	Deft shifting of suspicion in well-plotted yarn makes final solution anybody's guess until shivery ski-joring climax.	Worth while
DEATH HAS A THOUSAND DOORS *Melba Marlett* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder of high-school temptress followed by violent deaths of 2 teachers. Insp. O'Brien, aided by girls' counselor, corners crazed killer.	Writing and deduction competent, scholastic background knowledgeably handled, and adolescent actors vigorously drawn. Perhaps a bit too pathological for timorous readers.	Pretty grim

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ports. Even this might be forgiven if the reports were accurate; but they are not, they are reports written under censorship, which must represent everything in the best hands. There is an abundance of—"The enemy disappeared into the mist. No ship had been hit; nobody had been hurt." And if a British sailor has to die, it is always nobly in an atmosphere of saccharine sentiment.

It is all what *Esquire* used to call "semi-fiction" and what an indignant subscriber compared to a semi-good egg.

Fletcher Pratt, frequent contributor to these pages and military analyst for the New York Post, *is the author of "Sea Power and Today's War."*



By Howard Haycraft

A full, critical history of the detective story with hints on technique, the market for this type of fiction, a bibliography of books and magazine articles on the subject, a list of the sixty-five most significant authors and sleuths, a set of quiz questions, and finally a "Who's Who in Detection" with over 1200 names.

"Should be on the shelf of every reader of detective stories.'
—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"We were so completely fascinated that we read through the book in one sitting." —ELLERY QUEEN

"Extremely well written and salted with wit and humor."
—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Will be a favorite browsing book with all devotees of the scream at midnight."
—VINCENT STARRETT

"A grand and fascinating book . . . a history, a compendium, and a critical study all in one, and all first rate." —REX STOUT

Illustrated • $3.00

D. APPLETON CENTURY CO.
35 West 32nd Street, N. Y.

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

NO music is much more difficult to describe in words than contemporary music. Because we are largely unfamiliar with its language we cannot easily hear those traits, common or individual, which constitute a style; our uncertainty forces us into moral judgments according to our own prejudices—which are almost automatically inapplicable. No words, however soothing, can untangle this emotional situation. There is only one way to find meaning in contemporary music and that is to hear it, to *familiarize* it. First impressions must be energetically distrusted, as must the critical judgments of others, regardless of station. Ten hearings of a work will reveal to you more than the opinions of the weightiest critics.

The ideal medium for contemporary music is thus the phonograph, and recently the trickle of music has widened to a respectable stream, and will continue to grow, with a most healthy effect upon the musical polity.

★ ★

Five such recordings are of interest here. Samuel Barber's *Essay for Orchestra* (Phila. Orch. Ormandy; V-18062; $1) is perhaps the best for beginners who don't like jazz and dissonance. Barber is musical kin to Sibelius; he writes lushly and expertly for full orchestra, and, in spite of a bit of dissonance, shows no interest in what is quaintly called classic restraint. Perhaps I betray myself when I own that for me Barber is a better composer than Sibelius. . . . Robert McBride's *Quintet for Oboe and Strings* (V-2159; $75) comes from the group of rather naive pure-American composers who turn to a folksy jazz idiom in place of dissonance, writing simple music to rather pretentious titles. McBride's jazz is not even remotely sinful, and most readers should find this little piece thoroughly pleasing. . . . Of sterner material is Frederick Jacobi's *Hagiographa; Three Biblical Narratives* (V M-782; $3) but by no means too difficult for the willing listener. Here is dissonance, harshness; here is the modern leaning toward conciseness, for direct expression without the distractions of ornament, of sound for sound's sake. Harsh it is, but, once the idiom is understood, anything but dry, for this music expresses the timeless emotions of the Hebrew Bible. If Barber is an American Sibelius, Jacobi is an American Bartók. . . . Harl MacDonald makes no effort to be "modern" or even original in his *Legend of the Arkansas Traveler* (V-18069; $1), a heavily humorous blend of *Sorcerer's Apprentice* and *Invitation to the Dance,* based on the familiar American folksong. . . . George Kleinsinger's *I Hear America Singing,* a cantata based on Whitman, was launched by Victor, to the tune of John Charles Thomas (M-777; $2.50), obviously to tap the patriotic market. Musically it is a half-baked, half-inspired podge of glorified radio-and-musical stuff. (Yes, no reason why such music shouldn't be good, or even excellent. This isn't.) Thomas's speaking voice, in some of the Whitman lines, is unexpectedly fine.

★ ★

Lotte Lehmann triumphs again in an album of six songs from *Die Winterreise* of Schubert (C M-466; $3.50). Technically a shade less successful than her recent Brahms album, this one nevertheless sets a new standard of communicativeness for these difficult and exacting songs. The piano is not too well recorded. . . . The Budapest Quartet, another Columbia acquisition, doesn't live up to its magnificent Beethoven op. 131 in the recent Mozart D minor Quartet (K-421) recording. (C M-462; $3.50) Something is technically wrong; there seems to be frequent overloading, and the tone is not clear. Still an excellent album by ordinary standards. . . . Brahms's *Academic Festival* overture, led by Barbirolli is decidedly academic. No wrong notes, nothing you can pick out, except the very slow tempo, but it indubitably lacks life, and there are far better versions available (C X-200; $2.50). . . . At the opposite pole is Fritz Reiner's *Meistersinger* overture, with the Pittsburgh orchestra, (C-11580-D; $1) a recording full of vitality which avoids the familiar pomposity of this work via a tempo of Toscanini-like rapidity.

★ ★

An unfortunate error appeared in one paragraph of my last column: "The familiar (Haydn Symphony) No. 2 excites our curiosity as much as No. 104" should read, "excites our curiosity as No. 104." The two are, of course, the same symphony, 104 being the numbering in the complete list of symphonies.

Are Books Too Expensive?

Why should books be cheaper? Why *must* any commodity be cheaper than the price at which it has found its level by trial and custom? What is the absolute virtue of cheapness? One might say, with equal logic, that ponies must be cheaper, or champagne must be cheaper. Cheapness is not an end in itself. Cheap food has nearly brought about the downfall of British agriculture. Cheap cars have killed hundreds of thousands of children. In any case, books are relatively much cheaper than theatre seats, cars, wines, spirits, and innumerable other relaxations and stimulants.

—*The Bookseller, London.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Missing

Fred Russey

The editors have been asked for help in a curious and unfortunate situation. A salesman for the J. B. Lippincott Company, Fred Russey, disappeared, as far as is known, on the night of August 19 in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was last seen in that city in the Hotel St. Paul, during a sales trip. He left there all his belongings, including his wallet, with identification papers, but no money.

Mr. Russey's wife, who is an expectant mother, last had news of him on August 13, in a letter which to her "did not sound natural." Every effort is being made, by circulating Russey's photograph and the details of his disappearance, to enable the public to help in the search for him. He is described as six feet, two inches tall, weighing 190 pounds, with a moustache. He walks with a limp or swagger because one leg is shorter than the other.

Any information or suggestions about the present whereabouts of Fred Russey will be gratefully received by the J. B. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, or by *The Saturday Review*.

Books for the Draftees

The Chicago Public Library has completed its collection drive for books to be sent to soldiers in the Sixth Corps area. The total number of books collected reached the 10,000 mark. Chicago's citizens were asked to leave novels or non-fiction works at the desks of any of the city's public libraries. Only 10 per cent of the books turned in had to be discarded as useless for camp reading.

SPANISH by LINGUAPHONE

The quick, easy, correct way to speak any of 29 languages. World famous Linguaphone Ear-Eye method brings voices of native teachers *into your own home.* *Send for FREE Book*

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
67 R.C.A. Building New York City

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GENTLEMAN desires intelligent correspondence with gentlewoman. Box 590-E.

CHARACTER, PERSONALITY-TRAITS, vocational preferences accurately evaluated from handwriting by strictly scientific methods. Candid, comprehensive reports $5.00. Dr. Reiss, 4410 Broadway, New York City.

YOUNG WOMAN; experienced editor, writer, mss. reader, seeks opening with book publisher. Box 585-E.

NEW HOUSES FOR OLD—In new or old styles. (Apartments, too.) Decorating assistance and advice by trained, experienced, degree-d and globe-trotted interior architect. Box 699-E.

BUSINESS MAN, travelled and cultivated, will be representative to firm desiring background knowledge of Spanish, French or German. N. Y. driver's license, varied experience in sales, export, insurance. Box 7A.

FOUR SEASON VACATIONLAND—beautiful wooded hiking trails, boating on private lake, excellent fishing, tennis courts, record library, dark room, open fireplaces —and good food. $27.50 the week. Special weekend rates. The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York.

SHORTLY TO APPEAR, new journal of French culture. Collaboration of any and all kinds invited from French and American people interested in French culture. Address your initial inquiry to Box 564-E.

CHARMING COTTAGE: all improvements, garage, magnificent view, exclusive community. Near New York. $40 monthly. Nehring, Tomkins Cove, New York. Stony Point 2048 Sundays.

PLEASANTEST LATE VACATIONS, delightful weekends. Ample diversions, memorable meals. Accessible year around. The Farm on the Hill, Box 237, Stone Ridge, New York.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the outdoors, a lovely 250-acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Tennis! Riding! Campfire Dinners! Nature Trails! For further details write: A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

FOR AUTUMN VACATION—three room cottage among hemlocks overlooking Lake Candlewood, Connecticut. Heat, improvements, boating. Seventy miles from city. Phone WAdsworth 8-3519 evenings or write Woodward, 217 Haven Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS about thirty miles from New York wanted by retired business woman. Box 587-E.

SOLVE YOUR CLOTHES PROBLEM at Miss Goodman's. She sells only those well-cut, expensive dresses and coats (mostly originals) at a great saving to women. 474 Seventh Avenue (36th Street). LAckawanna 4-4013.

"EARN AS YOU LEARN WRITING," by Dorothy Banker. $1. Saunders Press, Dept. S, Claremont, California.

TEACHER with best private school references, studying this winter at Columbia, will tutor two children—grades or High School subjects. Box 589-E.

TOPS "Reversing the Spot" MAGAZINE—published monthly by the Madman of Hollywood, the Editor for whom all readers recommend euthanasia. The gist of the jest, the wits of the west, a touch of everything. Different—or supposed to b. Sample copy, 10c. Year, $1.00. 5436 Lemon Grove, Hollywood, California.

PERSONALS

SEPTEMBER VACATIONING—FISHING, RIDING AND WHOLESOME COUNTRY LIVING—In clear autumn air and brilliant fall foliage. Fly fishing, five home lakes all month. Bridle Trails and back roads through forests and old farmlands. Private cottages with baths. Main Lodge. Pleasing service throughout—Competent instruction or supervision for daily or extensive riding. Closes October 5th—48th Season. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Articles, stories, essays, sketches, poems. Prizes $15 and $20. Send for rules and address manuscript to "VILLAGER," Bronxville, N. Y.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issues of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

SUBLET OUR SUNNY 2-room furnished apartment while we're West. $55 month. References. Write D. Greenhood, 20 West 69, New York.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for long or short vacations. Excellent food. Separate cottages.

RESEARCH. Correspondence invited. Reasonable. On Nevada subjects—gemstones, mining, Basques, ghost-towns, history, etc. Nevada Research Service, Box 1207, Reno.

REST OR PLAY at the foot of Monadnock. Here you'll find comfort, delicious meals, congenial company and every vacation diversion. For booklet, write G. L. Austermann. SHATTUCK INN, Jaffrey, N. H.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all," but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper, Box 9-AD.

TALL TIMBERS mountain farm has the right surroundings for work and winter sports for writers and artists. Hunting, fishing, skiing, riding, etc., available. Bartlett Tracy, Tall Timbers, Winnesquam, New Hampshire.

AVAILABLE OCTOBER FIRST, three months or longer, writer's Greenwich Village apartment. Entire floor; two rooms, each 18 x 21, kitchen, large balcony, garden. Books. Fireplaces. Quiet. $100 monthly. WAlker 5-0750. Box 585-E.

INTELLIGENT, literate, woman desires apprenticeship with publisher. Types business letters, operates P.B.X. switchboard, will do errands, etc. Phone: IRonsides 6-8039.

COLLEGE WOMAN, Protestant, advanced degrees, literary ability, research, expert typist, proofreader, seeks full or part-time position, upstate, area Hudson to Finger Lakes. Box 586-E.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only a[illegible]d exclusively. Over 500,000 in [illegible]k. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 22 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 280 Madison at 40th St., New York City.

NEW AUTHORS' SERVICE: Two professional reviewers of long experience in constructive criticism, analysis, editing of innumerable play, screen, fiction, radio manuscripts now offer their expert services and guidance to promising writers. Excellent marketing contacts. Amard, 1475 Broadway, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Editing and typing. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RESEARCH, Congressional Library, Government Bureaus. Experienced. Accurate. Six languages. Low Prices. John Crehore, Washington Grove, Maryland.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Proofreading, Editing. Grand Central Stenographic Service, 11 West 42nd, 644, New York. LOngacre 5-4767.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplaters. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ROCKWELL KENT'S superb new designs. Samples free. Greenland Press, 711 Penn Avenue—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE. Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BARGAINS

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES in good books while they last. Story of Helen Hayes, Letters to Mary, Random House ($3.00) now 98c; Edgar Wallace—The Biography of a Phenomenon by Margaret Lane, Doubleday ($3.00) now $1.25; The Muse—An Anthology of Modern Poetry, edited by Devora Lovell. Straub ($10.00) now $2.49; Chippendale—Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director. Edited with a sketch of Chippendale's life and works by Walter Rendell Storey. Towse ($10.00) now $4.49; In American—The Collected Poems of John V. A. Weaver, Knopf ($3.50) now $1.49; The Mythology of All Races. Edited by R. H. Gray, Cannon J. A. McCulloch and George Foote Moore. Available only in Vol. 2 (Eddic Mythology); Vol. 4 (Finno-Ugric, Siberian Mythology); Vol. 6 (Indian, Iranian Mythology); Vol. 10 (North American Mythology). Published by the Archaeological Institute of America, at $15.00 a volume. Now $4.98. BARGAIN BOOK COMPANY, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Double-Crostics: No. 390

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-A	2-G	3-R	4-B	5-E	6-H	7-U	8-M	9-J		10-Y		11-N	12-V	13-E	14-H
	15-X	16-Y	17-L	18-W		19-B	20-Y	21-H		22-E	23-O	24-M	25-Y	26-P	
27-M	28-T	29-E	30-D	31-K		32-S	33-Q	34-W	35-V	36-T	37-L	38-J		39-Q	40-J
41-S	42-T	43-N		44-C	45-D	46-R		47-S	48-I	49-D		50-V	51-L	52-Q	53-N
	54-A	55-R	56-F	57-G		58-B	59-D	60-I		61-Q	62-B	63-U	64-S	65-H	
66-N	67-P		68-T	69-K	70-U	71-S	72-H	73-M		74-H	75-C	76-F		77-L	78-O
	79-Y	80-N	81-A	82-I	83-G		84-R	85-C	86-M	87-O	88-D		89-H	90-K	91-P
92-T	93-O	94-I	95-M		96-I	97-F	98-E	99-Y	100-B		101-B	102-M	103-X	104-G	105-J
106-L	107-U	108-Y		109-U	110-Q	111-C	112-D	113-O		114-L	115-V	116-K	117-P		118-G
119-B	120-F	121-J	122-H	123-I	124-N		125-Y	126-X	127-J	128-T	129-O	130-G	131-Q	132-B	133-E
	134-R	135-M	136-N	137-U	138-D	139-P		140-A	141-E	142-C		143-S	144-A	145-G	146-N
147-E	148-P		149-U	150-G	151-I	152-B		153-V	154-K	155-X	156-P		157-W	158-R	159-S
160-Q	161-X	162-D	163-J		164-D	165-F	166-B		167-Y	168-C	169-F		170-V	171-J	172-I
173-F	174-W	175-S		176-I	177-Y		178-B	179-Y	180-R		181-Q	182-C	183-V	184-N	185-X

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Exclamation of disgust, grief.

B. Doubtfulness.

C. Novel by Disraeli.

D. Stupid person (slang).

E. Twilight.

F. Mediterranean breed of fowl.

G. Initiate (vb).

H. Strove against.

I. English female novelist (1767-1849).

J. Bearing on the case in hand.

K. Savor (vb.)

L. Temper or toughen.

M. Consummate.

N. Yielding to another's wishes.

O. Pasture-land in ancient Palestine.

P. English poet (1552?-99).

Q. Obvious.

R. Young quail or grouse.

S. Clever, witty reply.

T. Hero of Latin epic.

U. In pitiful plight.

V. Yields, furnishes.

W. Small particle.

X. Occurrences.

Y. Very brief respite (2 wds.)

WORDS

1	140	54	81	144						
101	19	132	100	4	58	62	178	119	166	152
142	75	44	168	85	111	182				
30	162	138	112	45	59	88	164	49		
5	13	133	29	147	141	98	22			
120	169	173	97	56	76	165				
145	57	118	2	104	150	83	130			
89	122	6	74	14	21	72	65			
60	151	172	48	96	176	123	94	82		
105	38	40	9	127	171	163	121			
69	154	31	116	90						
114	37	77	17	106	51					
73	27	135	8	24	86	102	95			
80	136	184	66	11	53	124	146	43		
87	23	93	129	78	113					
117	67	156	91	148	26	139				
52	39	61	160	33	110	131	181			
84	134	46	180	55	3	158				
175	159	32	41	47	143	64	71			
36	128	42	92	28	68					
149	7	70	63	137	109	107				
183	35	50	12	115	170	153				
18	34	157	174							
126	155	185	103	15	161					
25	179	20	125	167	99	16	79	10	177	108

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RICHARD WRIGHT

author of NATIVE SON

says:

"In his BLOOD ON THE FORGE William Attaway presents with skill the impact of industrial life on the simple black folk who fled the plantations of the South. If there are people who are baffled by the conduct of the Negroes, then they should read this novel, and they will be better people for having done so, for it will add unto them a new and better knowledge of the processes of American civilization. The reality that Attaway depicts is not beautiful, but it is none the less moving and human for that."

• • • •

WILLIAM ATTAWAY has written a novel of the negro on a heroic scale—a tense, magnificent story of three Kentucky farm boys who went North to the booming steel mills, and found a bleak and brutal destiny among the slag heaps and roaring Bessemers of Pennsylvania.

BLOOD ON THE FORGE

A NOVEL BY

William Attaway

$2.00 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

TRADE WINDS

THE LADY came and Macmillan's threw the party. So, high up in the towers of the Waldorf-Astoria sat Margaret Mitchell, surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen of the Press. The charming Atlantan, whose infrequent appearances in New York created something of a legend in publishing circles, arrived in New York to bounce some fine, native champagne off the prow of the *U.S.S. Atlanta* at Kearny, New Jersey.

☞Miss Mitchell is taking a holiday from her writing; she believes that making bandages these days is more important. As a very active member of the Women's Defense Corp in Atlanta and as an instructor in surgical dressing with the American Red Cross, the G.W.T.W. author is thus kept busy in seeing that the South is doing its part. The South lost the Civil War, she is convinced, because it was unprepared and poorly equipped.

☞In relating some experiences soon after success and honor crowned her achievement, she told of the innumerable telephone calls that interrupted her home life, most of them demanding the answers to two questions: (1) What is the color of Scarlett's hair? (2) Did Scarlett ever get Rhett Butler back again? The former question is one on which many bets are made. In one instance, a long distance call was announced by the operator, but before the party at the other end had a chance to utter a word, Miss Mitchell's husband shouted, "Black!" "My God," groaned the voice, "I lose a hundred bucks."

☞For the present vital statistics on G.W.T.W., Macmillan's informs us that when Hitler entered Paris a print of the film was found and flashed on the screen at the Fuehrer's insistence; that the book has been a "best-seller" in Germany for the past five years; that it has been translated into seventeen languages; that total printings in this country have reached 2,868,100 copies; and that the highest number of copies sold in one day is 50,000.

☞As for us we reluctantly and shamefully confess we haven't read the book or seen the picture. We're waiting for the double feature—G.W.T.W. and *Modern Times.*

★ ★

☞We learn that Boston is not the only city along the Atlantic seaboard that's going in for Book Fairs this Autumn. From Charles Lee, the able book critic of the *Philadelphia Record* comes word that Philadelphia is soon to launch its first exhibition of this sort at the Bellevue-Strtaford, October 6, 7, and 8. Here is the sort of Book Fair we're planning to take in. Among the authors who will attend are Christopher Morley, Pierre van Paassen, F. Van Wyck Mason, Clifton Fadiman.

★ ★

☞Years ago, during one of the very earliest outdoor exhibitions of unpublished poetry held in Washington Square, Greenwich Village, we came across Anton Romatka, poet, critic, teacher of poetics, lecturer on the history of versification, and expert of meters and poetic forms of Hindu, Persian, Arabic, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, English, and other languages. Mr. Romatka is still in the poetry business. His recent catalogue of "Very Unusual Texts and Service For Poets, Students and Teachers of Poetics As Well As Poetry Appreciators and Collectors of Fine, Artistic Literary Productions" is at hand. This Fall a new course in "Eccentric Verse Forms" will be offered. There will be instructions on Epanaphora Verses, Macaroni Verses, Punning Verses, Lipograms, and a score of other forms.

★ ★

☞Volume I of the "Cambridge Economic History of Europe," which will be published by Macmillan on September 16, is the result of European collaboration of authorship in which fifteen writers from twelve countries have contributed. Most of these contributions were completed before the outbreak of the war. The purpose of the work is to tell the economic history of the world as it impinges on Europe, from the later centuries of the Roman Empire to the present time. The first volume deals with the agrarian life of the Middle Ages. It has been edited jointly by J. H. Clapham, Emeritus Professor of Economic History, University of Cambridge and the late Eileen Power, University of London.

☞Dr. Louis Hirschhorn, who in all probability is somewhat bored with rejection slips in general, found the answer to all rejections by simply rejecting rejections.

REJECTION REJECTED

I

The struggling muse
condemn; refuse.
In smart reviews
the staff
finds chaff
so sweet.

II

Pray tell me why
you would deny
the newborn cry.
The circumspect
do not reject
young wheat.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED